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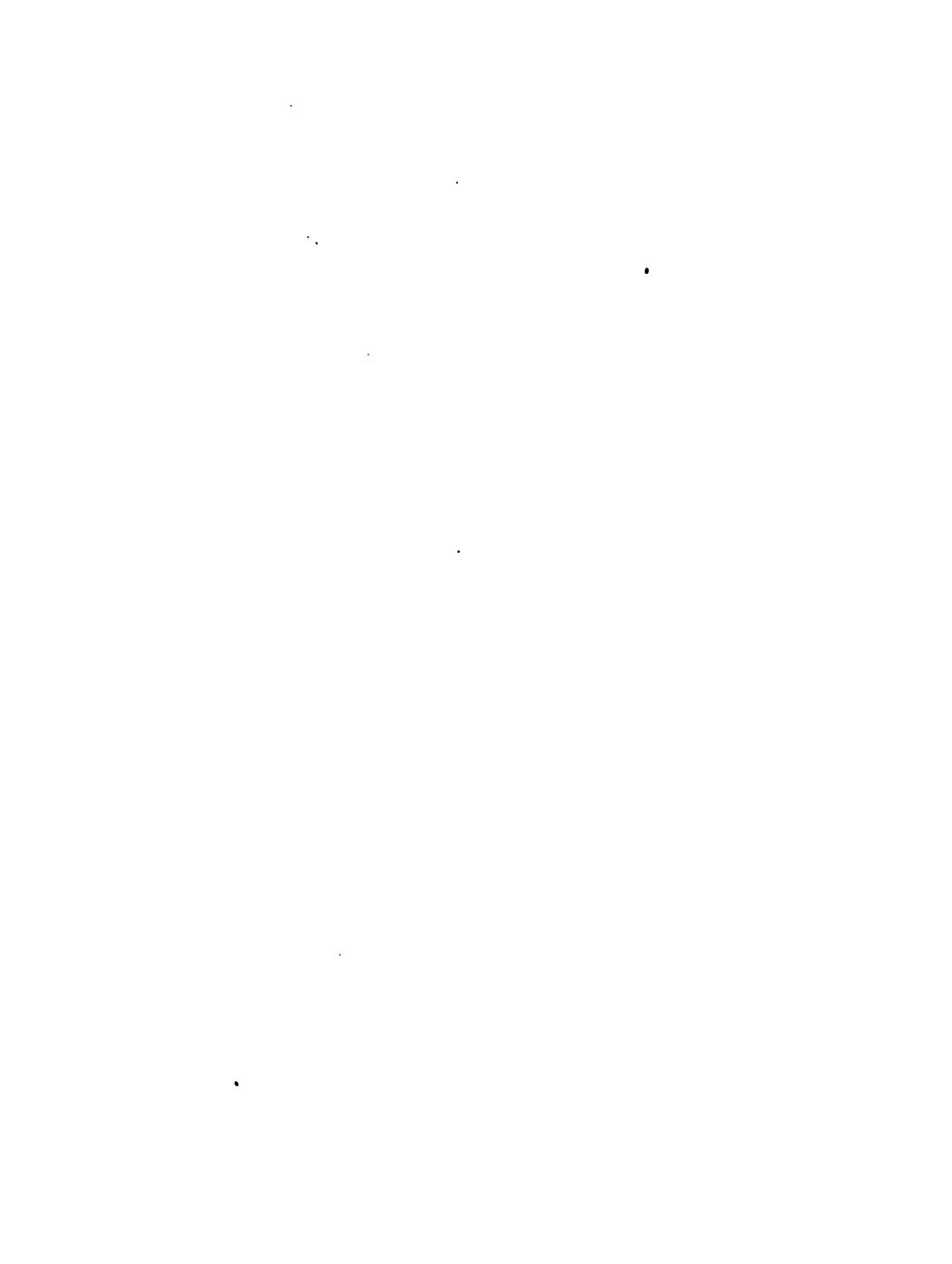
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**THE MEDA MAIDEN,
AND OTHER POEMS.**



THE MEDA MAIDEN,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

THE EARL OF SOUTHESK, K.T.

LONDON :
MACMILLAN AND CO.
1877.

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4PK4.21.

TO MY FRIEND,

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, BART.,

OF BALCARRES,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

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**THE MEDA MAIDEN,
AND OTHER POEMS.**

THE MEDA MAIDEN.

INTRODUCTION.

THE story of the MEDA MAIDEN is to be found in Mr. Schoolcraft's Report on the Indian Tribes of the United States, an important national work published about a quarter of a century ago.¹ Its origin and claims to rank as an authority are set forth in the official document subjoined, which appears in the introductory portion of the first volume:—

“DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

“OFFICE INDIAN AFFAIRS,

“August 7th, 1850.

“SIR,

“Under the Act of Congress approved March 3rd, 1847, Henry R. Schoolcraft was appointed ‘to collect and digest

¹ SCHOOLCRAFT (Henry R., LL.D.), *The Indian Tribes of the United States*, 4to. 5 vols., Philadelphia, 1851-6.

such statistics and materials as may illustrate the history, present condition, and future prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.'

"I have the honour to transmit to Congress the first part of the results of Mr. Schoolcraft's investigations. . . . He naturally feels solicitous as to the correctness and style of the mechanical execution, and in view of the *labour, learning,* and *ability* he has devoted to the work, and its nationality of character, I trust his wishes in that respect may be regarded.

"Very respectfully, &c.

"L. LEA,

"*Commissioner.*"

"D. C. GODDARD, Esq.,
"Secretary of the Interior, *ad interim.*"

Another extract from the same portion of the work will yet farther establish Mr. Schoolcraft's fitness for the task assigned him, if his own words are allowed the credit they may fairly claim. He thus expresses himself :—

"The author has devoted many years of his leisure to these investigations [history, languages, antiquities, manners and customs of the Indians] while residing in an official capacity in the West. . . . Thirty years thus spent on the frontiers, and in the forests, where the Red Race still dwells, have exhibited them to his observation in almost every

possible development. . . . The peculiarly intimate relations the author has held to them (*having married a highly educated lady, whose grandfather was a distinguished aboriginal chief-regnant or king,*) has had the effect of breaking down towards himself, individually, the eternal distrust of the Indian mind, and to open the most secret arcana of his hopes and fears."

With these testimonies in his favour, it would be difficult to question Mr. Schoolcraft's ability, wantonly ungenerous to impugn his good faith. He relates the experiences of my heroine as positive facts—true not merely in her own fancy, but true in themselves ; and, strange as some may deem them, I heard enough while travelling in the same part of America,¹ to dispose me to think them credible, and to believe in the Seeress's prophetic and magical powers. Be this as it may, the story seems to me so picturesquely characteristic of the manners of a valiant, once formidable, and ever interesting race, that I venture to hope for it some measure of acceptance, even from persons disinclined to value the spiritualism it so largely deals with.

¹ See SASKATCHEWAN, (Edinburgh, 1875,) pp. 81-83.

To explain such parts of the poem as might seem obscure or difficult, is the object of the Appendix accompanying this volume. Using Mr. Schoolcraft's collection as a store-house, I have taken from it, for that part of my book, such passages as bear upon the "Meda-Maiden's" life and career, and formed them into a continuous narrative: I have likewise gathered together all particulars that seemed needful to illustrate the religious beliefs and magical practices of the American Indians—arranging each subject separately, for the sake of easy reference.

While quoting with substantial accuracy, I have here and there abridged or transposed my author's language; sometimes, also, I have italicised important passages, or corrected inconsistencies in the spelling of native names. The words within square brackets are in all cases my own, as well as those not distinguished by the ordinary quotation marks.

Though so many years have elapsed since the issue of Mr. Schoolcraft's Report, I have preferred it for my special purposes to more recent publications; partly on account of its official character, partly because it neces-

sarily records the opinions of the Indians at the period of the story which is taken from its pages,—opinions now perhaps modified (however slightly) by the advance of civilisation, and the influence of Christianity in various forms.

It will not probably escape the reader's notice that the scenes and localities of my poem are very similar to those treated of in Mr. Longfellow's beautiful "Hiawatha," while its story relates to the same tribe—the Ojibways of Minnesota and the adjacent districts in British Territory. This coincidence will hardly seem surprising when it is remembered that the Indians in question have for years been in constant intercourse with their European neighbours, being among the nearest, most friendly, and most accessible of the wild, or half-wild, tribes, which retain a partial independence on the borders of civilisation.

It is long since I read "Hiawatha" (that truest and best of forest poems—full of lovely nature—faultless in *keeping*—the work of one familiar with the land and the life he so exquisitely describes), and I have borrowed from it nothing save the name of the

Manito of death (never seen by me elsewhere), and the general idea of the metrical cadence—which I have so largely modified that, even in that respect, I hope I shall not be deemed a copyist.

THE MEDA MAIDEN.¹

PART I.

THE MAIDEN.

Woods among, when all was golden,
Autumnly and soft and olden,
 In the pleasant Autumn time,—
Near the margin of a river,
Near the tawny ripplets' quiver,
 Resting in her dreamy prime

Sat a little Indian maiden,
Little rose-bud, sweetness laden,
 Bright with dewy blooms of day;

¹ The Seeress or Enchantress, see Appendix C ; for her memoirs, see Appendix A.

Sat and sighed, and sadly pondered
O'er the hours so fast out-wandered,
Hours of childhood passed away ;

Past and vanished like the breezes
Through a leafy wood—that seizes
Hard their fleeting skirts, but holds
Nothing of them, saving greenness
From their softness, from their keenness
Nought but deathly Autumn golds.

As she rested, vaguely musing,
In a childish dream confusing
Thoughts of future, present, past,
Half her fancy backward turning,
Half outflown in anxious yearning
Into realms of mystery cast ;

As she sat in sunset splendour,
Near her sounded footsteps tender ;
Soon her kindly mother came,—
Came to her with fond caressing,
All her being breathing blessing,
Breathing love's ethereal flame.

“ Foolish child ! I well might chide thee ! ”
Said the mother—“ Wherefore hide thee
Far from every anxious eye ?—
Nay, no answer !—such concealment
Makes to me a true revealment,
Tells me that thine hour is nigh—

“ Hour that calls thee—weary, fasting,
All thyself in weakness casting
Pure for touch of Spirit hand—

Bids thee seek through hard probation
Strength to help and heal thy nation,
Save thy home and native land."

Calm then counselled she her daughter ;
Secret lore she whisp'ring taught her,
Well to note, as days went by,
Symbols shown on Nature's dial,
Warning signs to bide the trial,—
Winning live, or losing die.¹

* * * *

Days went running, weeks went rolling,
Hungry frosts the earth controlling
Preyed on every pleasant thing ;
Still the tender maiden rested,
Ne'er by mystic signs bethested
Unto lonesome wandering.

* * * *

¹ Appendix E.

Woods among, when all was dreary,
Winterly, and whitely weary,
In the cruel Winter time,—
Where the snow lay smoothest, sleekest,
Where the wind was whistling bleakest,—
All her tresses flecked with rime,

Sat the little Indian maiden,
Soul and body over-shaden,
Wrapt in ghastly airs of gloom
Close and closer c'er her falling,—
Muffled voices round her calling,
“Nerve thyself to meet thy doom.”

For the Undying Ones, preparing
Mortal frames for meetly bearing
Sights and sounds of mystic day,

Move them first with dread o'erpowering,
Make them as the partridge cowering
Shadowed by a bird of prey.

But, as sunshine enters, lighting
Darksome dells that fogs are blighting,
Came the mother to her child ;
Led her back with soft compelling,
Till they neared the homely dwelling
Whence she fled by fears beguiled.

'Neath the pine-trees old she stayed her ;
There a tiny lodge she made her,
Bowered with branches closely pressed,
From the fragrant spruce-tree cloven,
Fixed and bound and interwoven,—
Built her little one a nest.

“ Here,” said she, “ my child, abide thou :
Here from every mortal hide thou :
Earthly sustenance forego :
Hunger pangs, thou must endure them ;
Pains of thirst, thou must not cure them
E'en by taste of purest snow.

“ Guard thy soul from thoughts perplexing,
Fancies vagrant, terrors vexing,
Wild impatience, chilling qualm ;
Souls perturbed by throng of notions
Loom too dense for heavenly motions—
Heavenly Spirits move in calm.

“ Now for two days’ space I leave thee.
See ! lest weary cares should grieve thee,
Take that hatchet small of thine,

Fuel cut and store for burning ;
Rest thee then a while by turning
Bass-wood bark to twisted twine."

* * * *

When the two days' space was ended
Through the woods the mother wended,—
Found her blameless little one
Patient working, firm denying
Thirst's complaints and hunger's crying.
Ah ! she hoped her task was done !

Nay, 'twas yet the mere prologue
Preluding a far conclusion—
Many a woeful chance between !
To the child no hope is proffered,
Nought of sustenance is offered,
But, with sad and quiet mien,

Near herself the mother seats her,
Calm commands her, grave intreats her
 All to suffer, all to prove.
“Once,” said she, “my joys abounded;
Husband, daughters, sons, surrounded
 Hearth and home with sheltering love.

“Gone, all gone, from earth departed,
Seized by Death the icy-hearted,
 All save tender sisters three.
Cold our dwelling seems and dreary,
Maidens weak and mother weary—
 Who shall care for them and me?

“Child! on thee I rest reliance.
Firm and faithful in compliance
 Meet the peril, brave the strife.

Mark my words, and duteous hearken :
Fast thou still, thy features darken,
 Bow before thy Lord of Life.

“ Fast thou truly ; till with anguish
Heart grow cold and body languish
 Thus that lord shall see thy woe,
Look on thee with kind compassion,
Come to thee in mystic fashion,
 Secret marvels make thee know ;

“ Teaching thee in dream and vision
Purport of the high decision
 Spoke by him, that Spirit blest,
O'er thy lord and all the master,¹—
What thy doom—to deep disaster,
 Or to joy's triumphal rest.”

* * * *

¹ Appendix B.

Counsel thus bestowed, the mother,
Tears of pity fain to smother,
Rose and left her child alone ;
But the maiden, strong of spirit,
Proved her title to inherit
Blood of warriors stern as stone.

Ne'er a sigh within her flutters,
Ne'er a murmuring word she utters,
Silently she bears her pains,
Scorns the voice of hunger's raving,
Stills not thirst's more cruel craving,
E'en from taste of snow refrains.

Patiently she plies her labours ;
Viewless forms her only neighbours,
Watching her with tireless eyes,

Prone to mark the least transgression,
Keen to hold her from possession
Of the high prophetic prize.

Silent was the wood and wistful,
Strangled by the season tristful,
Feebly longing, far from hope,
Fainting for the Spring's arrival,
Reft of strength to make survival—
Coiled in Winter's rigid rope.

Hushed are all the forest voices,
Melody no more rejoices,
Birds of music distant fled,—
Beauteous creatures still and sleeping,
Baneful creatures grimly creeping
Like the phantoms of the dead.

Hushed the bittern's solemn booming,
Mounded snow his swamps entombing ;
Hushed the crane's discordant flute ;
Hushed the night-jar's constant calling,
Rhythmic pulses rising, falling ;—
All was desolate and mute.

Sight nor sound to scare the stillness,
Wake the woodland, cheer the chillness,
Never on the senses broke ;
Save the rare reverberation,
When with a crashing detonation
Frost resistless ripped the oak.

* * * *

O'er the deserts unbefriended
Day his weary course had ended—
Ended twice and sunk to night,—

Ere the maiden, sick and saddened,
By her mother's smile was gladdened,
Strengthened by her looks of light.

But the mother, closely gazing,
Eyed her child, and fondly praising
Blessed her for obedience true:
“Long,” she said, “thou still must languish;
Ne'ertheless to ease thine anguish,
See what now they bid me do!”

Straightway then she sets a tressel,
Kindles fire beneath a vessel,
Melts the snow-flakes pure from soil;
Gives the child to drink,—but meagre
Deals the draught, lest she, too eager
Self to cheer, should lose her toil.

* * * *

Soon again the maid, deserted,
Patient all her powers exerted,
 Wood to sever, bark to cord :
Gracious Spirits round her wending
Saw her sorrows, and descending
 Strengthened her and brought reward ;

Cleared her soul from earthly hazes,
Led her through celestial mazes,
 Ere the sixth day's night was old ;
Showed her signs of wondrous glory,
Symbolised prophetic story,
 Words of mystic virtue told.

Now, the seventh day's sun appearing,
Whisper in the maiden's hearing
 Sounds that tell a joyous tale :

'Tis the mother, anxious speeding,
To her lonely child proceeding,
Bearing food lest life should fail.

Ah ! the body, long neglected,
Yields its right and lies dejected
'Neath the soul's constraining power.
Soul, when stripped of earthly clothing,
Looks at earthly fare with loathing,
Scorns what man and beast devour.

All the child's corporeal being,
Starved, had grown like soul in seeing,
Hearing, power to taste and smell ;
So sublimed and fine of essence
Scarce could she endure the presence
Of her mother, loved so well.

* * * *

Homeward went the Indian woman :

Far from sights and voices human

All alone the maid was left.

Then once more her axe she wielded ;

Straight her faltering vigour yielded,

Down she sank, of sense bereft.

Evening came : her sense recovered

Round her gracious Spirits hovered,

Raised her soul and led it high,

Far above the earth's disorder,—

Led it upwards to the border

Bounding heaven's transcendent sky.

Full with strength they likewise fraught her

When at morn her mother sought her,

Coming in the early glow ;

Nerved her to her want's relieving,
Sustenance for life receiving—
Maize ensteeped in purest snow.

Oh, how glad the wistful mother
Watched the flame so nigh to smother—
Life's fair flame—grow broad and bright.
“Sure,” said she, “thy Spirit-Master
Shields thee safely from disaster,
Leads thee to the mystic light.

“Say, my child, hath dream or vision
Taught thee true the dread decision
Spoke by him, the Spirits' lord?
Nought concealing, tell me truly;
Thus my soul shall ponder duly,
Weigh the Manito's award.”

Then the maiden—"Mother, hear me.
Evenings twain there wandered near me
Spirits breathing airs that thrill ;
And as darksome shades were falling
Soft there came a sound of calling,
Gentle as a distant rill.

"Mild was the voice as a rill that is running
Slow through the meadow-grass, stealthily shunning
Wafts of the wind that would ruffle its roaming,
Wilderness rocks that would fret it to foaming.
Musical chill was the sound, as the breezes
Whirling the snow when it sparkles and freezes,
Dread in its gentleness, fateful and tender,
Moving in measures of rhythmical splendour.
'Come to me, maiden,' the Spirit was crying,
'Thou in thy weakness so desolate lying ;
Fainting and famishing, lonely and cheerless,
Come to me, child of the faithful and fearless ! '

"I went to the voice : lo ! a pathway was gleaming,
Like silver the track of its delicate beaming,
As cold as the northerly brightness that blazes
And fitfully dances in mystical mazes.

Far flashed the path, without winding or turning,
Straight to the stars in the firmament burning :
Upward and upward along it I glided,
Urged by the power that upheld me and guided.

Wan on my left a fulgence was lying,
Diffused by the sun in that hour of his dying ;
Broad on my right broke a radiance incessant,
Cast by the moon from the crown of her crescent.

All-bright, where the rays were most widely expanding,
A woman majestic was movelessly standing.

Sacred she seemed as the Manito's daughter,
Round was her voice as the rolling of water,
Strong came her words, like the roar of a river :
'I am the Woman that liveth for Ever.'

¹ *Kau-ge-gay-be-qua*, the Everlasting Woman, or Everlasting Standing Woman.

Thus am I named. With my name I endow thee ;
Gifts for thy people, behold, I allow thee,—
Might o'er diseases, for quelling and curing—
Life to thee long among mortals enduring—
Life with the deathless in splendour eternal.
Go ! thou art called to the glory supernal.'

"Onward I went : then before me a being
Orb-like of body, most strange to the seeing,
Horns of the bison his forehead uprearing.
'Fear not,' he said, as he viewed my appearing,
'List while I show thee the name I inherit—
'Tis Monido-Wininees—Little Man-Spirit.¹
That is my life. In thy heart I enshrine it :
Boon for the first of thy sons I design it,
First of the sons that as mother shall love thee.
Onwards ! proceed to the regions above thee !'

¹ The Little Man-Spirit, or little Spirit-Man.

“—Upward and upward—till, far in the heaven,
There oped a wide door in the firmament riven.¹
Thence came a voice, and I stopped, and I listened.
Near to my path stood a Spirit that glistened !
O'er his broad breast was a vestment befleckered,
Azurely tinted, and silverly chequered.
Round his fair head was a halo of splendour
Darting bright glory-beams ruddy and slender.
'Look at me, child,' said the Spirit immortal ;
'I am the veil of the firmament's portal.²
Fear not, O maiden, but rest thee and hearken.
Labours and sorrows thy daylight shall darken ;
Ne'er shall they quell thee, nor sorely dismay thee :
Lo, in the strength of my life I array thee.'

“ Sudden, around me bright spear-points were shining ;
They clung to my body like serpents' entwining,

¹ “An orifice in the heavens, called *Pug-un-ai-au-geezhig*.”

² *O-Shau-wau-e-geezhig*, the Blue Sky, or Bright Blue Sky. . . . “I am the veil that covers the opening into the sky.”

Painlessly pressed me, then earthwards descended ;
Oft they returned ere the trial was ended.

‘ Wait thou a while,’ said the Spirit, ‘ I mete thee
Trial more mighty to arm and complete thee.’
Then came a storm of keen arrow-heads, clinking
Hard on my bosom, and wounding and sinking ;
Painless they pierced me, then swiftly withdrawing
Melted and vanished like icicles thawing.

‘ Lo ! ’ said the Spirit, ‘ the work is completed :
Fulness of days as thy portion is meted.
Gaze through yon rift in the firmament broken :
Further advance not—thy limit is spoken.
Take thou my name, in thy heart I enfold it ;
Thine to bestow, or for ever to hold it.
Child, it is time unto Earth to repair thee :
Yonder is he that is waiting to bear thee.’

“ Then at my side moved a marvellous creature,
Snake-like of body and wolf-like of feature.

‘Fear thou not, child,’ said the Spirit of splendour,
‘Fear not to fly with the Comet’s attender.’
Straight on the back of the serpent reclining,
Swiftly it bore me as light in its shining,
Meteor-like flashing and rushing and gleaming,
All my long locks like a thunder-cloud streaming.
Swift as the lightning it earthwards descended :
Alone was I left :—and my vision was ended.

“ Thus the first night—thus the second.
Forth I wandered, heavenward beckoned,
Saw the Woman stand on high,
Saw the Man with horns of bison,
Saw beside the heaven’s horizon
Him that rules the bright blue sky.

“ Selfsame words again were spoken,
Same were trial, sign and token,
Gracious gift and glorious meed,—

Names of might and mystery granted,
Endless life within me planted ;—
Same the wondrous serpent-steed.

“ Voices hushed and sights departed,
Lone I lay, and weary-hearted
Watched the moon her course complete.
Lo ! I saw a meteor falling,
Dark and round ; which, strangely crawling
Poised on human hands and feet,

“ Left the place whereon it lighted,
Sought me (marv'ling, ne'er affrighted),
Shrieked, more shrill than whistling blast,
‘ Child ! I give thee gifts prophetic,
Power to seize with might magnetic
Mysteries present, future, past.’

“ Then it rose, with sudden springing,
Birdlike wings asunder flinging,
High above its head upreared—
Ruddy head of bird that rattles
Hard on hollow oaks, and prattles,
Shrieks with laughter wild and weird.”¹

Thus the maiden told her story.
Said the mother—“ Stars of glory
Far up yonder gleam and glow :
Not more fair those lights above thee
Shine, than lights which those who love thee
Bring to deck thee here below.

“ Three days wait, my child, remaining
Lonely here, from food refraining.
So the Spirits shall record

¹ The Red-headed Woodpecker.

Perfect all thy work and finished.
Ne'er undone to be, nor minished,
Work's desert or work's reward."

Firm and true, the faithful maiden,
Burden-bearer largely laden,
Sought not from her fate to roam.
Three days pass, then swift returning
Comes the mother, weeping, yearning,
Brings her loved one joyous home.

Drums were beaten, songs resounded,
Warriors feasted, mirth abounded ;
Priests unto the maid drew near,
Called her to the Jeesukàwin,
Called her to the high Medàwin,
Hailed her prophetess and seer.¹

* * * *

¹ Appendix C.

Thrice had Winter deathward wandered,
Summers four their wealth had squandered,
 Dwined and shivered, fainted, died ;
Lo, once more renewed to vigour,
Winter ramps with ruthless rigour,
 Quelling joys at every stride.

Near the Wisacoda River—
Loyal-hearted tribute giver
 To the glorious western sea,
Gitchi-gumee, Lake Superior,
King of kingly lords inferior,
 Vast in aqueous sovereignty,—

Where the Wisacoda slumbered,
Frost-benumbed and ice-encumbered,—
 Deep within the forest's space,

Screened by many a pine-tree steeple,—
Dwelt the Meda-maiden's people,
Dwelt the proud Ojibway race.¹

Ah! what grief a nation crushes
O'er whose being Famine rushes,
Fells his victim, holds him tight ;
Babes and mothers weeping, wailing,
Old men dying, young men failing,
Hope's last sunshine turned to night.

Groaning thus in grim starvation
Bides the proud Ojibway nation :²
Tireless hunters toil in vain,
Fruitlessly their quest they vary,
Search the woodland, search the prairie,
Search the lifeless wood and plain.

¹ Appendix I.

² A section of the nation—to be perfectly accurate.

'Twas the hour when day was dying,
Silent in her home was lying,
Musing still, the Meda-maid ;
Sudden oped the doorway curtain,
Then the tent-fire's light uncertain
Showed a form in robes arrayed.

Chieftain he, in power excelling :
To the gentle maiden's dwelling
Came he, seeking aid most high ;
Urged the mother, much besought her,
Firm of heart to warn her daughter
Help to summon from the sky.

* * * *

Lo, 'tis noontide : Spirit-meted,
See the temple stands completed,
Prophet's-lodge, of fabric strong,—

Ten tall posts of diverse timber,
Circled close with moose-skin limber,
Tightly tied with many a thong.¹

All is finished. Firm and steady,
See, the sacred lodge is ready,
Dight for guests that soon will come:
See, the maiden enters—closes
Fast the door—then low reposes,
Crouches, chants, and beats her drum:

Calling with the sound persistent
Spirits near and Spirits distant
Pledged to come at her behest:
Calling the Eternal Woman;
Calling Him of aspect human
With the hornèd bison crest;

¹ Appendix F.

Calling to the earthlier essence,
Forest bird in form and presence
Or as meteor rolling round ;
Calling measuredly and lowly,
Drumming solemnly and slowly,
Prostrate on the quiet ground.¹

Solemnly she chants and slowly
Meda music high and holy,
Drear as voice of desert airs ;
Wild she screams the chorus olden,
Wolfish wailing long upholden,
Moaning of the mountain bears.²

“At the place of light,
At the end of the sky,
I (the Great Spirit)
Come and hang

¹ Appendix G. ² Appendix H.

Bright sign.

A ! a ! a !—Ha !—aha !

“At the sound of my voice
(My prophet-voice)
I shake my lodge
(By hands unseen),
 My sacred lodge.
A ! a ! a !—Ha !—aha !

“Haih ! the weird white bird !
He flies round clouds and skies—
He sees (unspeakable sight !)
Around the clouds and skies—
By his clear eyes I see—I see—I know !
A ! a ! a !—Ha ! aha !”¹

Sudden, with a sound of rushing
Surged a tide of influence, flushing
 O'er the lodge, which heaved and sway'd
Through the magic all-controlling :
Then the Spirit round and rolling
 Moved before the Meda-Maid.

¹ Schoolcraft, vol. i. 398.

Silent lay the maiden, ending
Beat of prophet-drum, attending
Question urged by priest and chief.
And they said—"With much beseeching,
Famine-struck, we sue for teaching
Where to find our want's relief."

"Ha, ha, ha ! ye nation blinded,"
Shrieked the Spirit, mirthful-minded,
"Eyes so bad are much to blame !
Where the sunny flood is flowing,
O'er the western prairie glowing,
Stronger eyes would mark their game."

* * * *

Ere the morning moved in glory
Through the forest high and hoary,
Forth the ardent hunters sped :

Westward, westward, still they wended ;
Joyously their task was ended
Ere the evening light was fled.

Lordly moose were slain, and carried
O'er the snow to those that tarried
Halting on their hunters' track ;
Sighted on the far horizon,
Moved a mighty band of bison,
Surged a bellowing sea of black.

Farewell famine ! farewell sorrow !
Food to-day and feast to-morrow !
Withered life has waxen green.
Mothers weep away their sadness,
Children leap and laugh with gladness,
Ancient warriors smile serene.

Hearts beat gaily, mirth abounded,
Songs re-echoed, drums resounded :
To the Meda-Maid drew nigh
Priestly chiefs, and made oration,
Hailed her hope of all the nation,
Hailed her prophetess most high.

PART II.

THE WIFE.

TWELVEMONTHS four with fortunes laden
Looked upon the Meda-Maiden,—
 Wandered out their days, and died.
Now the virgin sweet and slender
Yields to music soft and tender,
 Wooed to be a warrior's bride—

Strong-Sky,¹— bold of build and bearing,
Hunter skilful, swift, and daring.
 Loving lived they summers three ;

¹ *O-mush-kow-egeezhig.*

Blissful time beyond all telling,—
Peace and plenty cheered her dwelling,
Children danced upon her knee.

Ah ! when Fortune smiles the fairest
Oft she strips a bosom barest,
Meet for thrusts that none can stave ;
Poison-darts that cut most keenly
'Light on those that live serenely,
Heedless of the gaping grave :

Thus the maiden — now the *woman*,—
Human aid nor superhuman
Saves her from the fated blow.
'Twas the time when trees were budding,
Snow departing, rivers flooding,—
Then befell her weary woe.

Far from wonted wood and prairie,
Nigh the village of St. Mary
Where the huckst'ring white men stayed,
Strong-Sky set his habitation,
Scaree a bow-shot from the station
Rich in goods for truck and trade.

Day by day, with packs of peltry
Goes he to the store-house sweltry,
Fain to barter fur-goods fair—
Mellow marten, mink and beaver,
Wolverine and wolf the reaver,
Fox and fisher, lynx and bear.

There he waits in calm endurance,
All the traders' trained assurance
Weak to bend his patient will,

Juggling him with artful measures,
Tempting him with tawdry treasures,—
Firm of purpose rests he still.

Vain an Indian trader's trouble
Proff'ring with deception double
Guileful goods and measures spare ;
Wiser, with deception single,
Godliness and gain to mingle—
Guileful goods but measures fair.

Wiser, till the fiery liquor
Cause the light of sense to flicker
In the wary wild-man's brain ;
Then, bereft of will and reason,
Helpless lies he for a season,
Gluts the trader full with gain.

Gaultier now—a trader's brother,
Half-breed, of Ojibway mother,
Fraught with two-fold types of wrong,
(Vice of Frenchman, vice of savage),
Apt for murder, theft and ravage,
Foul and fickle, false of tongue,—

Gaultier, skilled in sly evasions,
Works on Strong-Sky with persuasions,
Begs a visit to his tent,
Where at night a jovial party,
Boon companions blithe and hearty,
Meet for friendly merriment.

“ Go not,” said his wife, “ I pray thee,
Gaultier flatters to betray thee.”
Haughty souls are hard to melt,

Forth he fared, her counsel scorning.
Then the seeress wafts of warning
Deep within her spirit felt.

Mystic beings round her fluttered,—
Mystic voices mournful muttered,
“Follow, follow on his track!
Fast the fateful hours are flying,
Hasten, hasten,—weeping, sighing,
Woo thy heedless husband back.”

Swift she followed, and besought him.
More to rage than ruth she wrought him,
Ruin bent: she sued in vain.
Strong-Sky on his way proceeded,
Heavenly warnings all unheeded:
Homeward then she turned again.

Men too vagrant oft make merry,
Leaving wives at home to bury
Perished joy 'mid silence drear :
Hours the Meda-Woman waited,
Midnight came, yet ne'er abated
Cruel stress of deadly fear.

Then a while her anguish ended.
Worn and weary she had tended
Motherly her ailing child ;
Sleep unsought her body captured,
Stole away her soul,—enraptured,
Far from earthly scenes beguiled.

Rude and rueful is her waking !
Breathless comes a maiden, shaking
Her who slumbers calm at home.

"Haste!" the maiden's voice is calling,
"Haste to Gaultier's, ere their brawling
Turn to mischief. Come, oh come!"

Up the dreary, flooded river,—
Like to birds whose pinions quiver
Swift through shades of darkness sent,
Knowing neither pause nor error,—
Fleet they onward in their terror
Till they reach the Half-breed's tent.

Still—all still!—as when the thunder
Rests, ere, rending skies asunder,
Lightning leaps with lurid light—
All was silent, sad and lonely,
Nought within the tent, save only
Leaden-weighted glooms of night.

Fain the Meda-wife would quicken
Fire from trampled embers, stricken
Deep into the oozy clay :
Hopeless—though she toil for ever.
Forth, once more, along the river
Mournfully she made her way.

Clouds departing, light grows clearer ;—
On the ground she sees anear her
Tiny gleams as if from glass ;
Then the moonlight, faintly shimmering,
'Neath the speck of radiance glimmering
Showed a black and quiet mass.

Strong-Sky ?—yea : she knew the shining
Trinket that he wore. Reclining
Sidelong laid he seemed to sleep.

Tow'rd the slumberous figure bending
Stooped his weary wife, intending
Vigil o'er his rest to keep.

Suddenly, her footstep slipping
Through the herbage dank and dripping,
Prone upon her knees she fell.
What is this!—her hands are bloody.
Ah! the tokens rankly ruddy
Told the dreadful tale too well.

There, beneath the moonlight hoary,
Strong-Sky rested, stark and gory,
Hewed with hatchet, hacked with knife.
With her loving hand the woman
Stroked his face, the chill inhuman
Froze away all hopes of life.

Will she faint ? or frenzied flying
Leave the loathly body lying,
Food for wolf that wandering preys ?
Firm of heart when fate is sorest
Bide the children of the forest,—
Tearless by the corpse she stays.

'Neath the night-cloud's cheerless awning
Bides she, till the wings of dawning
Flap the sky with gusty chill ;
Bides she, till the orb of splendour
Comes with comfort warm and tender,
While the birds in chorus trill :

Bides and bides in sad quiescence ;
Scarce aware of mortal presence
E'en when many round her wait—

Hardy soldiers, rough and ready,
Stern officials, staid and steady,
Summoned from the Fort—too late.

Hours too late—the evil-doers,
Jesting at their slow pursuers,
Far from vengeful law had fled.
Scanty grudge the white men cherished,
'Twas an Indian that had perished :
So, to rid them of the dead,

Strong-Sky's corpse they raised, and carried
To the Indian folk that tarried
Nigh the Fort's stockaded wall ;
These among their graves ancestral
Laid him, 'neath the flowers campestral,
Where the roaring waters fall.

But the Seeress, sorrow-stricken,
Filled with terrors vague, that sicken
Firmest souls by anguish rent,
Took her infants twain, and speeded,
All unheeding and unheeded,
To a lonely forest-tent

Where her mother old was staying.

News of ill makes no delaying :
Faster than the Seeress fled
Winged its way the tale of slaughter ;
Mournful mother, mournful daughter,
Met with moanings o'er the dead.

Soon her ancient blood heroic,
Boon from many a forest stoic—
Blood of Waubojeeg the sire,¹

¹ Appendix, pp. 291, 327.

Waubojeeeg the great in story—
Woke the Seeress with its glory,
Warmed her icy veins with fire.

High her drooping head she lifted,
Wiped away the tears that drifted
Down her chill and haggard cheeks,
Quelled the sobs she scarce could smother:
Then, for solace to her mother,
Thus with patient voice she speaks :—

“Mourn not that which hath betided,
By the All-ruling Spirit guided
Moves the good or moves the ill :
Joyful in the love remaining,
O'er the lost no more complaining,
Humbly let us wait his will.”

Said the care-worn mother, weeping,
“Soon *my* sorrow would be sleeping—
But for thee, my child, I moan.
Ah ! the days when I—forsaken,
All my help and comfort taken,
Husbandless and poor and lone—

“Lone—though, 'neath my tent-skins lying,
Infants for their food were crying—
None to cheer me, none to aid !
Thus, my earthly ways outwended,
Deathward shall I go ; unfriended
Thou shalt labour, faint, and fade.”

But the Seeress answered, “Near me
Spirits wait to help and cheer me.
Though I walk in weary ways—

Sorrows many, pleasures scanted—
Yet the All-ruling Lord hath granted
Long continuance of my days.

“ Fear not, hope not, all is ordered,—
Fenced my lodge of life, and bordered
Firmly by the streams of fate.
Lo, my mystic eyes, unshrouded,
Clear have looked on lands unclouded,
Never more can Earth seem great.”

Long conversing each with other
Sat the daughter and the mother.
When the coming night was o'er
Far they fared, and made their dwelling
Where the watery waste was swelling
Wide on Gitchi-gumee's shore.

* * * *

Three years dwelt the Seeress single,
Ere by warrior wooed to mingle
Fates with him as duteous bride—
Fair-Cloud¹ he by name. She bore him
Daughters two. Then coldly o'er him
Breathed grim Pauguk,² and he died.

Far were they from friends abiding,
Leagues of wilderness dividing
Widowed wife and orphan band,
Lonely left, from all their nation—
Camped in Winter habitation
Nigh the frozen river's strand.

Yielded then the Seeress, weakly,
To the blast that blew so bleakly,
Withering wan her spirit's bloom ?

¹ *Minan-oqut.* ² The Manito of death.

Lay she frantic and despairing,
Bosom beating, tresses tearing,
Crushed beneath that heavy doom ?

Nay : such ecstasies of grieving,
Potent for a soul's relieving
Restfully in quiet placed,
Serve not well in times more urgent,
Serve not well for those emergent
Starving from a desert waste.

Stern came grief ; she sternly met it ;
Silent raised the corpse, and set it
Firmly on its coffin low—
Hearse and bier—a hand-sled tender,
Lath of fir-wood slim and slender,
Meet for gliding o'er the snow.

Over all with spirit heedful
Store she lays of things most needful,
Food, and robe for nightly bed ;
On her back the babes she places,
Sets their brethren to the traces,
With them drags the weighty sled.

'Mong the wintry forest shadows,
Through the lonely beaver-meadows,
Music'd by the Wood-wolf's howl ;
O'er the prairie white and speckless,
Where against the azure flockless
Statued stands the Snowy Owl ;

Steadfast went they, onward keeping,
Children working, babies sleeping,
Mother toiling wan as death ;

Daily when the sun was glowing,
Nightly when the moon was throwing
Chillness on the icy path,

Onward, onward, still they wended ;
Heavenly powers their steps attended,
Sheltering wings around them cast,
Nerved their bodies to endurance,
Filled their hearts with firm assurance,
Led them to their home at last.

Thus a woman's faithful spirit
Caused dead Fair-Cloud to inherit
Best of goods that corpse may crave :
Funeral trophies, rites and honours,
Tributes paid by liberal donors,
Rest in the ancestral grave.¹

* * * *

¹ See Appendix B.

Years rolled on ; and ever flowing
Waxed the sea of sorrow, throwing
 Waves that chill the fervent blood
O'er the fated woman's being—
Peace departing, pleasure fleeing,
 Banished by the bitter flood.

Death comes nigh, and slowly slaying
Strikes her first-born son, delaying
 Deep to drive the cruel dart ;
Day by day she sees him languish,
Day by day a mōther's anguish
 Rends her fond and faithful heart.

Lo, one eve, his pains beguiling,
Slumber came. He wakened smiling,
 Glory glinting from his eyes.

Then the mother's soul unfailing
Knew his spirit had been sailing
Far beyond the earthly skies.

"Oh, my son," she said, "what glory
Lingers here? Thy vision's story
Canst thou, wilt thou, dare to speak?"
"Mother," said the young man, "truly
Small my hope to answer duly
What thou askest—words are weak.

"Through a storm-cloud dark and dreary
Passed I to the great blue prairie
O'er whose face the stars are spread;
Far away there rolled a water
Black of hue, methought a daughter
Born from fountains of the dead.

“Fast I flitted o'er that river—
Stream of smoothness—ripple, quiver,
Ne'er its turbid current broke :
Through a forest next I wended,
Wild-wood greenly twined and blended,
Pine and poplar, fir and oak.

“Broad beneath me then a valley:
There in many a blooming alley,
There by many a lovely brook,
Moved the deer and stately bison,
Swans and beauteous birds that dozen
All on which the eye can look.

“Near me, in a balsam thicket,
Stood a hut with wall and wicket:
Forth there comes an agèd sire ;

White his locks, across his shoulder
Hangs a robe of skins, no colder
Gleam his eyes than flame of fire.

.. Leaning on a staff he waited.
Scarce had I—mine awe abated—
Mastered words my tale to tell,
Ere his voice came low and thrilling ;
'Nay,' said he, 'a welcome willing
Take from one who loves thee well.

"'Rest a while, for strength's sustaining,
Long the journey yet remaining.'
Gladly to his hut I went.
Rested, by the door he guides me,
Through the wood-wall that divides me
Straightly from the vale's descent.

“ Down the rocky steep I wended,
Following on a track that trended
Crosswise o'er the valley green,
Down the brooks that thread the bowers,
Past the beauteous birds and flowers,
Past the creatures mild of mien.

“ There a power mysterious speeds me—
Rock nor forest-tree impedes me,
Clearly through them glides my soul,
Earthly substance left behind me,
Safe with him who thus consigned me
Body-free to seek my goal.

“ Lo, at length a lake unbounded ;
Lo, a lovely land surrounded
All ways by its crystal tide ;

Near me, moored on shores of brightness
Rests a fair canoe, whose whiteness
Gleams upon the waters wide—

“Wondrous craft, of marble seeming,
Marble paddles in it gleaming
Deftly fashioned for the hand :
In I stepped, and swiftly flying
O'er the waters limpid lying,
Sought to gain the island's strand.

“Ere the midway flood I breasted,
Rushed great billows foamy-crested
Fiercely tow'rds my fair canoe ;
Swelled and surged the lofty billows,
Round as prairie-groves of willows
Reared against the cloudless blue.

“ Swelling, surging, heaving, dashing,
Hurling breakers broadly flashing,
 Burst the waves in blinding spray ;
Foaming whirlpools, reckless wreathing
Garlands wrought from milky seething,
 Swirled around my witless way.

“ Ne'ertheless, through drift and drearness
Yet the water holds its clearness :
 Down, far down, in purple deeps,
Grey on sand-beds dimly golden
Glimmered corpses new and olden,
 Skeletons in heaps on heaps.

“ All the while anear me glided
Bright canoe-craft marble-sided,
 Man or woman each one bore ;

Over them the waters surging
One by one in ruin merging,
Down they sank, and rose no more.

“Scatheless some were fleetly flitting
Through the breakers, in them sitting
Children fair and sweet to see ;
Ne'er a bark with man or woman
Scaped the water's wrath inhuman,
Scaped the vengeful glassy sea.

“Then I cried, ‘The waters crave me,
Vengeance threatens ; who shall save me ?
How shall I these waves endure ! ’
Loud a lordly voice came, calling—
‘Heed not foul things ruined falling :
True art thou, and brave, and pure.’

“Straightway all my fears are banished,
Harmlessly the billows vanished
Ere they touched my bright canoe,
Breaking like the rainbowed bubble :
Safe beyond the tempest’s trouble
O’er the waters wide I flew.

“Fast as flies the war-bird’s fleetness
Wend I to the isle of sweetness,
Land upon its lovely shore ;
Balmy breezes warm and tender
Breathe upon my soul, and render
Force of life in endless store.

“Forest creatures fair and loving
Deck the lilded prairies, moving
Softly through the gentle flowers,

Cold and hunger all unknowing,
Pain and fear no shadow throwing
Sadly on their sunlit hours.

“ Then, methought, ‘ This isle of sweetness
Sure for me hath wondrous meetness,
Here for ever let me dwell.
Far from pain and toil and sorrow,
Glad to-day and glad to-morrow,—
Sure this island suits me well.’

“ Calmly came an influence, stealing
Through my spirit, clear revealing
One who stands in glory dread ;
Mild of aspect, grave and tender,
Bright his body gleams with splendour,
Golden thorns are round his head.

“On mine eyes his eyes are gazing,
Every sense in marvel mazing,—
Neither can I speak nor move;
But the glory of his glances
Lovingly my being trances,
All my heart is steeped in love.

“Ne’er a word his lips are speaking,—
Spirit unto spirit seeking,
Mine he seeks with his to fill;
Found, he thrills me through with yearning.
Then into himself returning
Leaves me conscious of his will.

“Thus his spirit spake: ‘I tell thee
None shall harm thee, nought shall quell thee,
Blended with the Lord of Life.

Trust not powers of earthly being,
Spirits earth-bound, dark of seeing,
Weak to shield thy soul in strife.

“‘Forth unto thy mother speed thee;
Speak my words, her soul shall heed thee,
Messenger of peace and truth.
Surely will I seek and find her,
Surely will I take and bind her
Close with cords of love and ruth.’

“Then that Blest One (thus methought me)
Bade me kneel, and spirits brought me
Robe as pure as mountain snows.
This the lordly Master places
Over me, it all embraces,
Over all my being flows.

“‘Mine thou art’ (methought he spake it),
‘Robed thou art, for symbol take it
 Mine thou art to hold for aye.’
Mist-clouds then my soul pervaded,
Brightness vanished, sweetness faded ;
 Cold I woke to earthly day.”¹

* * * *

Ere that night its hours had numbered
Wakelessly the young man slumbered,
 Hushed by Him of icy hand :
Body, earth with earth, abided ;
Soul and spirit, angel-guided,
 Hasted to the Happy Land.

¹ Appendix A, p. 299.

PART III.

THE CHRISTIAN.

DREARY is the purple heaven,
Dark when o'er its moon is driven
 Solemn clouds that quell the light ;
Dreary was the Meda's dwelling,
Dark with clouds beyond dispelling,
 Reft of him that made it bright.

Glorious are the worlds of pleasure
Garnered in that priceless treasure—
 Gold of gold—a lovely son :

Ghastly are the worlds of sorrow
Garnered in the mother's morrow
When his earthly day is done.

Now the Meda's pride will languish,
Softened in the seas of anguish,—
More of woe she scarce can need.
Ne'ertheless, with sad renewal
Yet must come the tear bedewal,
Deadlier yet her heart must bleed.

\

Soon, ah ! soon, the hapless mother
Yields unto the grave another
Well-beloved—a daughter young.
Now indeed is time revealing
Marvels hid by mystic sealing,
Secrets told in mystic tongue.

Now her memory wakes, recalling
Darts and arrows round her falling,
Wounding sore in wondrous ways;
Seen and felt in childhood's vision,
Sequel to the high decision
Dowering her with length of days;

Now indeed, with spirit broken,
Marketh she in this a token
Figured in the sacred sky,
Sign of pangs to grieve her hoarded—
Crucial meed to souls awarded
Held by Heaven in favour high.

Dazed and crushed, perception clouded,
All her light in darkness shrouded,
Weary seemed unearthly lore;

Deep within her welled a yearning—
Oh ! for pathway for returning
Back to commonness once more !

Strong within her memory working,
Clear among the fancies lurking
Dimly scattered one by one,
Comes the thought of Him of glory,
Robe-bestower in the story
Visioned to her dying son.

Truly for her wounded spirit
Much that memory held of merit,
Strangely full with comfort fraught :
Yet of Him with brows enfolden
Fair with thorny garlands golden,
Save in picture knew she nought.

Oft o'er seas of dire distresses
Shines a sudden gleam, that blesses
Soothingly as angel's song ;
E'en as if by fateful tractions
Evils drew their counteractions
Strongly as themselves were strong.

Thus the Meda's drearest trouble
Issues soon in comfort double,
Joy o'er past and future laid ;
Comfort brought by one who carried
Gospel grace to those that tarried
Darkly in the heathen shade ;

Brought by one of Indian nation,
Bearing news of Christ's salvation—
Strong to scatter Satan's mist :

Grand Ojibway name forsaken,¹
Homely name the man had taken—
‘Sunday, the Evangelist.’

“Ho !” he cries, “ye weak and weary,
Sorry-hearted, sick and dreary,
Come to Christ and find your rest ;
Come for raiment brightly shining,
Cast away the robes of pining,
Cast the trouble from your breast.

“Trust no more in ghostly creatures—
Evil things of bestial features,
Creeping things of sin and shame :

¹ Though the Ojibway names may read strangely in English spelling, the language is a fine one as spoken. Howse, in his *Cree Grammar*, comparing it with other native tongues, terms it the “sonorous, majestic Chippeway (Ojibway).” See SASKATCHEWAN, p. 287.

Totems, scrolls of conjuration,
Rattles, drums of invocation,
Hurl them into flood and flame.

“ Come to Christ, the high and holy,
Come to Christ, the meek and lowly,
Lord of lords and Light of light :
Though your souls be grimed and gory,
Yield them to the Lord of glory,
He shall make them pure and white.

“ See yon azure vast and spacious !
Lo, that Lord, the good, the gracious,
Dwelling far above yon sky,
Left His home in lands unclouded,
Came in humble form enshrouded,
Came to earth to grieve and die.

“Fear not ! fear not ! bring your sorrow ;
Wait not for the weak to-morrow,—
Death companions fear and doubt.
Come to Christ with strong beseeching,
Come for comfort, come for teaching ;
None that cometh casts He out.”

Thus the preacher spake, and truly
Hearkened one who heard him duly ;
All her soul was open thrown ;
Softened by the streams of grieving
Tender was it for receiving
Sacred seed so meetly sown.

How she prays, all else neglected,
Craves to know her soul elected,
Safe with Christ in heavenly love !

How in lonely supplication
Cries she for a revelation
Visioned from the Lord above !

Ne'er a dream nor vision taught her :
Needed not—God's Spirit sought her,
Bathed her heart with balm of peace,
Soothed away her anxious yearning ;
Lovely lights within her burning
Darksome terrors fade and cease.

Ah ! in vain shall souls benighted,
Lapt in earth, benumb'd and blighted,
Arbitrate on heavenly grace :
While they talk of times and seasons,
Primly prate of rules and reasons,
Keep religion in its place,—

Forth the Spirit flows, and flushes
Deeply o'er a soul, and hushes—
 Whelm'd beneath the sacred flood—
All the clang of reason's raving,
All the sigh of fleshly craving
 Murmuring treason in the blood.

Then the soul, in waiting wonder,
Thinks to hear Jehovah's thunder :
 Lo, it hears a still, small voice,
Softly through its silence ringing,
Sweetly solemn, singing, singing,—
 ‘Love, and worship, and rejoice.’

So the Seeress, new-created,
Pagan pride for ever bated,
 Greets the in-coming Spirit's power ;

Yields herself with meek surrender,
Garners-up the influence tender,
Grows in glory hour by hour.

Soon before the congregation
Makes she Christian attestation,
Sealed by water's witnessing :
Ne'er the Evangelist refuses
Hallowed rites to one that chooses
Christ for Saviour, Priest, and King.

Heaven within her heart enshrining
Welcomes she the waters, signing
Advent of the Sacred Flame :
Passes then her olden title—
Change to mate with change more vital—
Katharine now becomes her name.

Gone is all her heathen glory ;
Gone the grace of forests hoary,
 Gone the sweetness of the flower,
Gone the mystic Meda splendour,
Gone the radiance wildly tender
 Gleaming in her eyes of power.

Changed, all changed. Her movement stately
Falters now, she moves sedately,
 Meekly musing as she goes ;
All her spirit's novel beauty,
Cramped in iron bonds of duty,
 Outwardly no token shows.

Gone is all her brave apparel,
Bright with beads that seemed to carol
 Choruses of Nature's song :

Gone the garb of rare devices,
Snowy-white, with paradises
Blooming quaintly all along.¹

Sober now her dress and gown-like,
Dull, and dim, and dark, and town-like.
—O ye Christian people wise !
Comes your creed from darksome regions
Fraught with sad, despairing legions ?
Comes it not from heavenly skies ?

Wherfore should your joyful tidings
Bring the outward signs of chidings
Grievously by sinners borne ?
Know ye not that Christ is risen,
Wherfore haunt ye then the prison
Reft by Him in glorious scorn ?

¹ Such robes are more often seen among the wilder tribes of the prairies.

All things beauteous, all things winning,
All that shames the shade of sinning,
Take them as the Christian's own ;
Hues of early Eden bowers,
Hues of forests, fields, and flowers,—
Take them as the Lord's alone.

Work not with the huckstering spirits,
Foes to all that man inherits
Holiest from the primal scheme,—
Felling forests, sullying rivers,
Fouling every breeze that quivers,
(Dragon-like) with fetid steam.

Curses on the gropers greedy,
Spoilers of the poor and needy !—
Poor and needy ? Yea, MANKIND :

Needy for the want of sweetness,
Needy for the want of meetness,
Plundered by these locusts blind.

O ye Christian folk, be wary,
Tender-souled, discreetly chary,
When with heathen folk ye deal ;
Heed not infant superstitions,
Stickle not at babe traditions,—
Break not wood-flies on the wheel.

Leave the lesser weeds agrowing,
Sweet perchance though strangely blowing ;
Sure your garden wants not space !
Many a weed by care in tending
Blooms to beauty in the ending ;—
Spare small faults to save great grace.

—Nay, too fast my pen is speeding;
Truth cries out, ‘A spell of weeding
Lacks thy flowery page—go to!
Fantasies, imaginations,
Tangled up with plain narrations,
Turn to falsehood half the true.’

Humbly then I make confession,
Own my warrantless digression
Wandering forth beyond the pale
Builded by my grave narrator,
Honest-minded, no creator
Fashioning a specious tale.

Nought he notes the Meda’s bearing,
Nothing tells of garment-wearing,
Little save of change of name :

Ne'ertheless (too well I know it,
Thousand thousand stories show it,
Thousand travellers speak the same),

Well 'tis known that priests and preachers,
Zealous-minded Christian teachers
Hard with Heathendom at strife,
Oft, in guise of sacred duty,
Murder mirthfulness and beauty,
Slay the gracefulness of life.

Thus, with candour undiminished,
Reckon I of him that finished
What good 'Sunday' had begun,—
Find that much his words betoken
Bands of stately custom broken,
Bands of vulgar custom spun :

Many a phrase of trivial figure
Volumes into books of vigour,
Viewed by one that closely heeds.
—Pass we now to matters certain,
Hidden 'neath no veiling curtain,
Published of the Meda's deeds.

This we learn : she straight dismisses,
Relegates to hell's abysses,
All the Spirits of the shade ;
All the wondrous, weirdly beings
Oft revealed in mystic seeings,
Ever nigh to cheer and aid.

Straight she brings the records painted—¹
Honoured once, but now attainted—
Bright with figures painted clear,

¹ Appendix D.

Hieroglyphs of hidden learning
Known to none but souls discerning,
Sacred knowledge of the seer ;

Shows the symbols of Medawin,
Shows the signs of Jeesukawin,¹
Tells a white man all the tale ;
Sings the songs of might magnetic,
Seekers of the sight prophetic,
Songs to sing behind the vail.²

Christian candour much applauded,
Christian conduct much belauded,—
So her grave historian saith :
Thus she shines as saint converted,
Direful practices deserted,
League dissolved with Hell and Death.

¹ Appendix C.

² Appendix H.

Maybe, maybe,—yet consider,
Ye who fain had joined to bid her
Ban each kindly spirit-friend,—
Pause, and ponder well this question,
Wholesome for the soul's digestion :—
Where doth God's dominion end ?

Rules He hell, and earth, and heaven ?—
Or hath sway supreme been riven,
Somewhere, from His hands divine ?
Nay : no thought of swiftest pinion
Wends to empire whose dominion
God hath chosen to resign.

Mark ye, therefore !—men, or angels ;
Christians fair in bright evangels ;
Heathens dark in ghostly dearth ;

Grewsome fiends abhorred by mortals ;
Dubious dwellers 'twixt the portals
Closing heaven and closing earth ;—

All as God's own creatures greeting,
Equal rule to all out-meeting,
Thus we judge the eternal brood :—
That which doeth ill is evil,
Be it angel, man, or devil ;
That which doeth good is good.

Mark you then the woodland haunters,—
You, O man whose spirit saunters
Dozing on the beaten track ;
Ponder well their interventions,
Weigh discreetly their intentions,
Thenceforth judge them white, or black.

Mark a poor and wandering nation
Saved from fangs of fell starvation,
Harmless babes and mothers fed ;
See it, when by foes unnumbered
Sore beset, and cooped and cumbered,
Helped to raise its drooping head ;

Mark the Seeress taught and aided,
Comforted when grief-invaded,
Nerved to meet misfortune fell :
Deeds in light, not darkness, vested !
Trees are by their fruitage tested—
Bore that tree the fruits of hell ?

Think not that I fain would marry
Christian faith to faiths that tarry
Cowering in the realms of night :

Wherfore mingle taper's gleaming,
Painfully, with glories streaming
Broad upon the noon-day bright?

Yet, mayhap, the gleam and glowing
Hotly through the azure flowing
Fails to touch some tender shade,
Nestled where the waters brawling,
O'er the forest barrier falling,
Many a caverned cleft have made.

There are found the timorous yellows,
Bashful greens, and red that fellows
Gently its companions pale;
There are found the emerald mosses,
Ferny fronds, and purple bosses—
Berries linked to leafage frail.

Bold the berries creep from under,
Lamb-like bold in simple wonder,
Vieing with the flowerets gay ;
Deeplier down the ferns are hidden,
Deeplier yet, like children chidden,
Hide the mosses from the day.

Surely one the cleft exploring,
Fain for wea th of Nature's storing,—
Grieved by darkness of the deeps,
Shrouding from his eye's discerning
Balms to heal his bosom (yearning
Fondly o'er the love that sleeps

Fairest there where most in stillness
Holy fervour blends with chillness,
Power with things that smallest seem)—

Surely such one ne'er refuses
Shimmering radiance that diffuses
Sunlight through the falling stream ?

Thus will loving hearts discover,
E'en where heathen clouds o'er-hover
Hauntingly a region wild,—
Flowers most delicate in sweetness,
Desert plants of pure completeness
Imaging the angel-child ;

Flowers to seek with footsteps tender,—
Bruising not their faces slender,
Breathing not the airs of hate.
—Wouldst thou win the Mystic Flower,
Wisdom-giver, plant of power ?
Love shall win it, soon or late.

Yea, the enchanter's work of magic,
Weirdly music, songs choragic,
 Booming drums of sound obscure,—
These are but as mere excrescence,
Bloated body of an essence
 Pure as heaven itself is pure.

Nought at most but means to settle,
Sure as lode-stone fixes metal,
 Feeble wish to forceful will ;
Firm, unwavering concentration
 Renders thought a far legation
Winged for realms of good, or ill.

Verily, a born magician
Spirits seek on many a mission,
 Nought by spell nor magic bound ;

Drawn, by yearning sympathetic,
Him to haunt whose frame hermetic
Makes a spectral meeting-ground.

Likewise knaves and triflers various
Reckless turn to games precarious
Played with creatures of the gloom ;
Close companioning with spirits
Earthliest moulded, by demerits
Tethered to their corpses' tomb.

Yearnest thou for mystic power
Never mayst thou win that dower
Save when purged from earthly dross ;
Stern and ruthless the purgation,
Wrought through fires of lone temptation,
All things joyous held for loss.

Thus thou winnest might magnetic ;
Openest thy sight prophetic,
 Closed while fleshly darkness reigns ;
Drawest round thee through thy meetness
Spirit visitants of sweetness,
 Habitants of heavenly plains.

Few the prophets—few and hidden.
Shall the Meda be forbidden
 Rightful claim to prophet's meed ?
Fasting, pureness, stress of trial,
Virtuous life beyond decrual,
 Many a high and noble deed,

All were hers,—and mystic vision
Witnessing with pure precision
 Things that are and things to be :

Rich her dowry transcendental,
Rich her moral dower and mental,—
Truthful, wise, and prudent, she.

Where do words of weight betoken
Christian faith betrayed and broken
Through the veiled ones' converse sought?
Truly they who first collected
Flocks for Jesus, ne'er neglected
Messages by angels brought.

Are not holy angels spirits?
Are not fiends?—of diverse merits,
Both are like in nature true.
But for films of wilful blindness,
Angel-gleams of loving-kindness
Oft might bless our inward view.

She of whom is made narration—
Wondrous stores of revelation
Well she might have harvested ;
Stores to feed our souls with beauty,
Nerving for the daily duty
Hung about our hearts like lead.

Otherways the thing was fated.
She, whose wingèd soul had mated
Soul of him on Patmos' shore,
Tamely clipped her eagle pinions,
Seared her spirit-eyes—as minions
Torture birds that sing and soar.

Be it so. In modes essential
Doubtless seems her plan prudential :
Exemplary was her life ;

Peacefully she lived, respected ;
Pleasantly by love protected,
Won a third time as a wife.

Husband this of Christian habit,
James Wabòse (or, Snowy Rabbit),
Nau-we-kwaish-kum once his name :
Heathen fancies long deserted,
Lived he as a man converted,
Excellent beyond all blame.

Pleasantly in peaceful fashion,
Free from all perturbing passion,
Dwelt this homely Christian pair ;
Happy in their humble measure,
Sharing many a simple pleasure,
Simple sorrows called to share ;

Children given, and children taken,—
Little more to stir or waken
Slumberous years that onward glide.
Furthermore the records show not;
How my heroine fared I know not,
Know not how or when she died.

Doubtless through the realms of brightness
Walks she now in robes of whiteness,
Radiant in celestial birth.
—Mid the dazzling maze of glory
Thinks she of the forests hoary,
Plains and rivers of the earth?

Lapse of time, nor change of places,
Never from the soul effaces
Lines on Memory's tablet scored.

Memory weights a demon's sorrow,
Memory makes an angel's morrow
Bright with yesterdays restored.

Fare ye well, who read these verses !
Thus my silent soul converses
 Freely with your souls unknown.
Scoff not at the tale, but read it ;
Verily to those that heed it
 Truths unlooked for may be shown.

Cease your laughter, sensuous cynic !
Body-hale, but spirit-clinic,
 Partnered with the atheist crew.
O'er the stream of Ages rolling
Comes more potent laughter trolling,—
 All the Ages laugh at you.

Vaunt not of your modern learning,—
Portion stored for minds discerning,
Nineteenth Century's joy and pride :
Lo, behold the living millions,
See the dead in endless billions,
Ranged in spirit at my side.

Mark ye well, O reader gentle :
Ne'er in realms extern and mental
Radiancies of faith are born ;
Deep within the soul's recesses
Springs the lovely light that blesses,
Clear as rising of the morn.

Blend ye not with dull deniers—
Nature's sapless weeds and briars,—
Blend ye with the world unseen ;

Vivified by heavenly showers,
Bloom with fair, unfading flowers,
Glow with fruit of glorious sheen.

THE CHAMORRA.¹

Among the hills of Portugal
Whose waters hasten from their caves,
As at some proud enchanter's call,
To join the Minho's sweep and fall
Impatient for the Western waves,—

Among these hills of sunny glow
A farm is pleasantly confined,
Its terraced slopes in verdure blow,
With emerald maize bedecked below,
With oaks above and chestnuts twined.

¹ This poem is founded on a story in Mr. Latouche's "Travels in Portugal,"—the details of which have been closely followed in many parts, especially in the earlier dialogues.

And where the loveliest charms adorn
This glory of the wilderness,
A joyous home confronts the morn,—
Yet laughs the noon-tide heats to scorn,
So close around it the embrace

Of the broad-foliaged fragrant vine
That all encompasses with shade,
O'er the low roof its tendrils twine,
And o'er the court, by breath of kine
Yet more divinely odorous made.

'Neath the vine-canopy, at rest,
A traveller worn and weary lay,
By toilsome journeying distrest,—
The hospitable farmer's guest
One evening of a summer day.

Their simple feasting done, they share
In friendly talk, the cup goes round,
Brimmed with green wine of virtue rare,—
For, like a docile courser, there
Both force and gentleness are found.

And as their spirits feel the heat
Shed by these subtly genial fires,
In confidence more free they meet,
And each with answer hastes to greet
The curious thought that each inspires.

“Now pardon me,” the farmer cries,
“Your Excellency jesting seems !
That land of yours that distant lies
Beyond the ocean and the skies,
Must be like countries seen in dreams.”

“No lands,” the other says, “but boast
Some charms or marvels of their own.
Come tell me this, my honoured host,
If thou, so wondering at most
Of the new pictures I have shown,—

“Strange, but yet far from marvellous
To dwellers from their earliest day
'Neath skies more dark and tyrannous,
More frigid and more vaporous,
Than this fair azure,—tell me, pray,

“Hast thou no marvel to impart,
Of higher mystery than those
Concerning harrow, plough and cart,
And husbandry and city mart,
And how the moony olive grows?

“ Hast thou no tale to fright the ears
With sound of ghastly fantasy,—
Some tale begot in olden years,
Of witch and wizard, full of fears
Provoked by deeds of devilry,—

“ Some story fraught with fiendish thrill
To curdle in the veins of man ? ”
“ Yea,” said the farmer, “ have thy will :
A tale I'll tell thee, with such skill
As one of simple nurture can.

“ And think not that I dare to use
A lying tongue : I'll tell thee truth.
Let these who hear me straight accuse,
If in the smallest word I choose
To falsify. ‘Twas in my youth

“ The deeds were done, the sights were seen,
Which 'tis my business to relate ;
And though from memory's field I glean,
Such things no lapse of years between
From memory can obliterate.

“ I, I that speak, myself I felt
The evils that I now bewail ;
For with those hapless ones I dwelt,
On whom the Demon's hatred dealt
Such blows. But hearken to my tale.”

Mid the Estrica's mountain billows,
Where many a cow and bleating lamb
Rejoice a farm, that restful pillows
In greenery of sheltered willows,
Near to the town of Cabrasam,—

Within that sunny mountain home
I lived in pleasant servitude ;
With the fair flock I oft would roam,
Or guide the ox-plough thro' the loam,—
Obedient to a master good :

In all ways good : of virtue sure,
That knew no churlish envious taints ;
Most generous to the Church and Poor ;
A man who seemed to live secure,
Protected by the Holy Saints.

He spent his days in happiness,
Enriched with all that gilds a life ;
And blest with that which most can bless,
Of all that mortals may possess,—
A loving and belovèd wife.

Seven months had hurried to a close
Since wedlock made their lives complete ;
And now the fragrant fruitful rose
By genial indication shows
The coming of a scion sweet.

No more her household work she plies,
As eager as the early morn ;
With lingering step and wistful eyes,
She moves sedate or languid lies,
And muses listlessly forlorn.

Her tender husband strove in vain
To soothe her fanciful distress ;
Then lovingly he thought to gain
Good help to save her from the pain
Of self-reproach for idleness,—

And so, to bring her cheerful aid,
He searched the country up and down,
For some bright, honest servant-maid ;
While on myself command was laid
To seek one in our neighbouring town.

One morn, ere earliest vapours breaking
Revealed the glories of the day,
Behold me on my journey, making
Ponté de Lima nearer, waking
The echoes with a joyous lay.

The road led through a valley small,
Whose crags enclosed a furious river ;
Passing around a rocky wall,
Near to a shadowed waterfall, . . .
I saw a sight that made me quiver !

Lonely and sad in the depths of the dell,
Where the wild water-fall, bounding to hell,
Poured out its wrath with a thunderous might,
There rested a woman,—close mantled in brown,
Mabled and muffled from sandal to crown,
Earthy-brown blood-colour,—fronting the light.

Wan o'er her face a pale sunbeam was creeping,
Closed were her eyelids, as tho' she were sleeping,
Yet in her restfulness seemed she to wake.
Through the wide folds of her russety raiment—
Muddy and way-worn, with many a frament
Shredded and rent in the thorn-bearing brake—

Through the brown raiment her hands were displayed,
Spread to the sunbeam that slid thro' the shade,—
Hands that were slender and bony and white—

White as the snow,—and they pendulous hung,
Moved to the beat of her pulses, and swung,
Basking like snakes in the chilly-warm light.
Struck with amazement, and sore dismayed,
Back from her nearness myself I flung,
And prayed to the Saints in a sickly fright.

She opened her eyes and fixed them on me
With a blinking stare that was strange to see :
Brown were her eyes—or gray—or green,—
Narrow and long,—and they took the tints
Of the lights that wander in luminous flints,
Rainbow dull-patterned in hyaline,—

And aslant they went o'er her milk-white cheek.
She moved her mantle. Her hair was sleek,
And silvery fulvous flecked with brown ;

'Twas short as the slippery fur of the mole,
That clutches his prey in the darksome hole,—
And soft it seemed as the sea-bird's down.

Oh! she bewitched me : I lost my fears
As I gazed on her beauty. Her delicate ears
Were long and limber, as if to seize
The faint little breath of a coming sound
That speaks of a wild thing's distant bound
In secret places among the trees.

Red were her lips, for the blood within
Bloomed through the half-transparent skin.
She opened her mouth with a stealthy smile,—
And I saw that her teeth were white as the day,
As they gleamed in the sun like a bright array
Of preening swans on a jasper isle.

She fixed my eyes, and they could not stray,—
I could not tear myself away,
Although my spirit foreboded guile.

She smiled again; then low she said,
“Santinho, are your wits undone,
Because you see me, nearly dead
From cold, with both my hands outspread
To warm them in the morning sun?”

Her voice was blandishing of sound,
Yet something grated in its tone.
I answered—“Much more warmth is found
By walking briskly, I'll be bound,
Than sitting in the wind alone!”

“What if I’m tired, as well as cold?”

The tone was bitter. Then said I,

“Have you all night been walking?” Bold

Said she, “I have—that’s quickly told,—

And many a long night previously.

“A long, long journey I have come,

From Beira’s desert mountain sides;

Tarouca is my native home.”

“Why choose,” said I, “so far to roam?—

But there perhaps a secret hides?”

“No secret, Senhor, sin nor shame,—

I neither mean nor fly from harm;

Joana is my Christian name;

To find employment all my aim,

As servant at some quiet farm.”

She smiled with such simplicity
That all my doubts were swept away,
And in her face I seemed to see
The loveliness of creatures free
That in the pleasant woodlands play.

And through me thrilled a happiness
Commingled with a touch of awe ;
As one might feel, who in distress
Beheld a being come to bless—
An angel-presence near him saw.

Lauding the Saints, who thus had cared
To help me in my dubious quest,
I to Joana straight declared
My mission,—and all reckless dared
To seek her for our household guest.

She thanked me with a winning grace,
According me a fair consent,—
And pleasure smiled upon her face.
So to my master's dwelling-place
The maid and I together went.

She sat her down outside the door,
While to my master I related—
And to my mistress (told before
Of all his scheme)—the chance that bore
So fair an aspect. They debated

About the stranger. “None could scan
Her conduct,—haply she had erred ;”—
The cautious farmer thus began :
The wife (whose thoughts more nimbly ran),
Delighted at the tale she heard,

Vowed that the girl from Heaven had dropt ;
For one so young and fair of face
To be ‘Chamorra’—closely cropt—
Avouched her of an honest race,
(Best workers such, the proverb says).
'Twas fixed : the stranger maiden stopt,
And in the household took her place.

Oh ! what a stir when the baby was born ;
Feasting and frolicking evening and morn !
Ne'er such an infant had gladdened the earth :
Welcome him into existence with mirth !
Healthy and hearty, and happy of mien,
Nestled in white as a rose-bud in green !
In come the neighbours with curtsies and bows,
Leaving their poultry, their calves, and their cows ;
Thronging, with longing the baby to view,
Craving and raving to see what is new ;

Full of warm-heartedness idle as breath,
Fretting the weariful mother to death.

She comes ! she comes !
She twirls her thumbs !
She of all Wisdom !—mark her ways,
As on the child she sets her gaze !
Note her steely lucid eye,
Cold as winter in the sky ;
See her bony eagle's-beak ;
See her ashen-sallow cheek ;
See her figure tall and stout,
Muscular yet round-about.
Mark the pursing of her lips !
Note her busy finger-tips—
Decked with nails so fair and neat,
Smooth and rosy, all complete !
From them (with a fitful spark,
Seen by certain in the dark,) .

Streams of energy would drain,
Airier than the spray of rain—
Streams of blessing or of bane.

Full on the babe she fixed her eye,
Then, crossing herself, she uttered a sigh ;
“The babe’s bewitched,”—she said.
Loud laughed the father, hearty and high :
Low laughed the mother,—her sole reply—
Too proud to feel afraid.

“Laugh and be merry, good folks all !”
The Wise One muttered ; “this infant small,
Unless I strangely err,
Is marked by the Devil, as one of the lot
Foredoomed from the womb to bear a blot
Of omen sinister.”

She took up the babe, and its shoulder bared,
And she talked to herself, and stared and glared ;
While, manifest to view,
There shone on the shoulder, so white and warm,
A punctured brand of a crescent form
And clear sanguineous hue.

“The Devil—the Devil—his mark,” she said,
And crossed herself thrice, and nodded her head.
We trembled with affright.
“Fear not,” the Wise One whispered, and smiled,
“Nothing can harm the innocent child
And glut the Devil’s spite,
Save when each moon is new in the sky ;
Then watch ye the babe with a heedful eye,
And watch him all the night.”

She crossed herself thrice, and thrice she bent,
Muttering prayers,—and away she went,

Nor paused to say farewell.
But nigh to the threshold a glance she cast
On a mantled figure, and as she passed
Spake to it,—“ Prithee tell,
O crouching creature muffled in brown,
Wherefore so still art thou cradled down?
Thou seem’st to slumber well!”
Joana (’twas she) no answer made,
But stirless lay in the mantle’s shade,
As if entranced by spell.

The Wise One chose no longer stay,
But speeded forth on her lonely way.

Month followed month in quiet course :
Our household mill went rolling round,—
Which, like the patient toilsome horse,
We servants moved with steady force,
And life's plain victual simply ground.

'Tis well when in a home prevail
The harmonies by love begun ;
When no discordant fiends assail,
And break the bonds that ne'er should fail
To link its inmates into one :

Thus seemed our dwelling ; master, men,
Maids, mistress, all alike rejoice :—
But human home, or creature's den,
Will ever hold some denizen
With ugly discords in its voice.

And, as when storm-gusts on a lake
Show that wild tempests lurking brood,
So would Joana's anger wake,
And with capricious fervour break
The mildness of her wonted mood.

Ah, what a fury in her eyes!
Their narrow lengths would gleam and glow,
Like pits where lava burning lies
And flame of swift destruction flies
To lay the hapless gazer low.

Her brow would writhe, her lip would curl,
While her keen teeth she gnash'd and ground,—
Long, shapely teeth more white than pearl;—
Her arms she'd whirl, her frame would furl
As if to make a deadly bound.

But with a shiver she would stay
The strong convulsions of her hate,
And calm her glances glittering-gray ;
Then, with still words, that seemed to flay,
To scarify, to lacerate,

Would blight her foe with bitter mock ;
Yet, while amazed and terrified
We pressed together—as the flock
Scared by a wolf will closely lock,—
A smile would o'er her features glide,

And all of her would gaily gleam
In coaxingly caressing guise,
And her lithe limber movements seem
To bring before one in a dream
A greyhound's graceful witcheries.

Oh, she was passing fair and sweet!
But—praised be the Saints above!—
My heart went never forth to greet
Her heart with tenderness,—unmeet
That maiden for a homely love.

No Paradise, howe'er complete,
Blooms blessedly, for minds discreet,
Where scorpions nestle with the dove.

Although such fiercely-glowing fire
Would rush from her in fitful blaze,
Her general mood might well inspire
Unmingled trust: her plain attire,
Her silentness and modest ways,

Her steady, ceaseless industry,
Without display, without pretence,—
So grave, and yet so fair to see!—

Her mistress won to love, and she
Soon gave her all her confidence.

And thus one day it came to pass,
While talk their needle-work beguiled,
The mistress wept, and said, "Alas,
Joana ! would that prayer or Mass
Could aid my little darling child ! "

Then she related, word for word,
The Wise One's prophecy of wrong
Designed for babes by Satan blurr'd :
Silent and still Joana heard,—
Then gently said, "I've known it long.

" Long have I known it, yet feared to speak,
Lest from the tints of thy delicate cheek

Terror and sorrow should chase the bloom.

Now will I tell thee tidings of gloom,—

Secrets terrible, secrets dread,

Secrets won from the lips of the dead.

“ Know’st thou the bounds of the Devil’s power ?

Nay, who knoweth !—from hour to hour

Saints and Demons wrestle and fight—

Uppermost lowermost, light or night.

Sometimes the Saints are sore beset,

And Satan seizes the chance to get,

To get and to keep, a masterful hold

O'er the feeble flocks in the Church's fold.

Long, long ago, when the Church, may-be,

Had lapsed for a while from her piety,

And robbed the Saints of their needful share

Of help in the battle through Mass and prayer,

’Twas then that the Devil came forth in might

And won for himself this fearful right :—

“ Whenever a babe in Portugal
Slips into the world when the star-beams fall
Mingled and blended and marred in a maze
Of mystical opposites, all ablaze
In a baleful sheen, on the nights of days
Not to be named by a mortal’s tongue ;
Then, on that luckless babe is flung
A doom removeless by Mass or prayer,
A doom that eludes all watching and care.
The hungry Devil, with hell in his hand,
Comes to the babe and fixes a brand,—
A brand that is full and ruby red
As the swelling buds of the rose’s bed,
A brand that is clear and crescentine
As the nightly orb of the silver shine.
Know’st thou what meaneth that blazing brand,
Stamped by the Devil, with hell in his hand ?

“ When years sixteen have flitted and flown,
The Devil will come to claim his own ;
To claim for himself, for the deeds of the dark,
The mortal that beareth the crescentine mark.

Ah ! then the youth will sicken and pine,
And feel a strange might in the mystical sign,—
Longing and yearning and anguish within,
The pangs of the serpent that changeth his skin.

And then will he hide in the forest alone,
And writhe on the rocks, and whimper and moan ;
And ravenous beasts will list to the sound,
Will gather around him—around—around,—
Wild-cats, as still as the soft-feathered owls,—
Wolves, with low whining and blandishing howls,—
Everything cruel that wanders and prowls.

Around him they go—around !—around !—
With a measured glide and a rhythmical bound ;
They coax with the voice and caress with the tongue,—

Till his brain grows sick and his heart unstrung,
And he longs to escape from his man-like form,
And to rush thro' the woods on the path of the storm;
To rend and mangle, to ravine and prey,
Where blood is streaming,—away! away!

“Then round him they troop—around—around,—
He howls to the stars, he falls on the ground ;
‘Twixt living and dying he writhes and burns :
And thus from a man to a wolf he turns,—
A wolf more fell than the forest brood,
For he craves unceasing for human blood.
And whenever he feasts on a victim’s corse
The Devil rejoices, and gives him force
To quit the form of the wolfish plan,
And walk for a while in the form of a man.
For years he ravines : at length expires
His term on earth : then Hell and its fires.”

"O babe!" said the mother, and wept and sighed,
"Would that thy life in the womb had died!
Would that thou never hadst breathed and smiled,
Thou wretched—wretched—thrice-wretched child!
Accurst be the fiend-lighted ominous sun
That shone on the world when thy life was begun!
"Save him!" she cried in accents wild,
"Mother of Paradise! Mother mild!—
Can nothing be done?—can nothing be done?"

"Hush thee! sweet mistress," Joana said,
And tenderly raised the mourner's head,
"The remedy is nigh,—
The secret won from the lips of the dead,
In the cavernous pit where the dragons tread:—
Oh cease to weep and sigh!

“When first on the sabled-blue of night
The moon shall rise in her mantle bright
After the midmost hour has tolled,
Bear thou the babe to the mountain height,
And lay him naked to front the light,
Stretched on a blanket wide out-rolled.

“Then take thou a dove, and with stroke of a knife
Sever its neck, and with blood of its life
Anoint the Devil’s brand—
On the child it blows like a mystical rose—
Pour on it streams of the blood that flows,
Nor seek to stint thy hand.

“Leave then thy little one—speedy and soon—
Under the eye of the cold white moon
(Unwatched—or ne’er un-slaved !),

And the moon she will suck-up the brand thro' the
blood,
As she sucks-up the sea in the tide of its flood :
Thus shall thy child be saved."

Three nights and days elapsing bring
The time to quell the Demon's power ;
When the new moon to life would spring,
And freshly-kindled glimmerings fling
O'er the dark earth at midnight's hour.

The infant on the ground is laid,
The crescent brand with blood is sown,
Full many a vow and prayer is made ;
Then, shivering in the mountain shade,
We leave the naked babe alone.

Oppressed with anxious thought we turned,
And slowly paced the homeward track ;
But the fond father fain had spurned
All counsel, for his spirit yearned
With love,—and glad had he gone back

To guard the little one from bane,
Though all the rite were nullified :
Arrived at home, we scarce could gain
Fair promise from him to abstain
From speeding to his infant's side ;
This much at length he yields with pain,—
A bow-shot off he will remain,
Nor move unless some ill betide.

With trembling hand he reached, and took
His grandsire's trusty bell-mouthed gun
From off its customary hook,

And down its barrel poured and shook
Six rusty nails.—This scarce was done,
When through the murmurs of the brook
Come shriek on shriek! Aghast we look
Out on the night,— then madly run.

Rolling and falling o'er boulder and block
Onward we rush like the avalanche rock,
Leaping and springing through uttermost glooms ;
Shrill on the wind comes the shrieking and screaming,
Mingled with sounds of a devilish seeming—
Laughter of things that grow ruddy in tombs.

Ha, the moon rises ! her radiance is falling
Cold on the child that is crying and calling ;
Grinning and gaping beside him there smiled

Blood-dripping fangs of a hell-wolf, enjoying
Draughts of delightfulness, rending, destroying,
Drinking the life of the innocent child.

“Hell for thee, Devil !” the monster upraising
Eyes that were furnaces glowing and blazing,
Glared at us weirdly. Then, swift as the light,
Sudden with thunder the echoes are ringing !
Bane-bearing missiles are sighing and singing,
Hurled thro’ the air on the message of blight.

Bolts of the blessed ! Heaven’s angels were guiding !
Straight to the fiend, ere it crept to its hiding,
All the rough arrows of vengeance were sped ;
Prone it fell writhing and twisting and twining,
Speedy I rushed to it,—yearning and pining
But for one stroke ere it sank to the dead.

Down on its shoulder my bludgeon went swinging,—
Curses ! the Demon escaped from me, springing
Swift from the earth. Then in anguish intense
Howling it crawled, with the shoulder all shattered,
By my strong bludgeon-blow shivered and battered,
Into the forest,—where darkness was dense.

Ah ! who shall tell the mother's woe !
Voiceless she wept, no tears she shed,
But like a broken branch lay low,
And all her life appeared to go
To find her infant that was dead.

The sorrowing husband vainly sought
For aid from one required to aid,—
Joana,—vanished !—now a thought
Most fearful to the mind was brought

Concerning her—that stranger maid,—
That she indeed had foully wrought
As those who with the Devil trade.

And as, low-whispering, we conversed,
Each told of her some deed unknown,—
Each to the other now rehearsed
Some malice of that fiend accursed
Who glamour over us had thrown.

Yes, the fair Being sent by fate
In our glad trustful home to dwell,
A monster was,—a thing of hate,
That Holy Ones abominate,—
Than savage brutes more fierce and fell,—
A ‘lobis-homem’¹ devil’s-mate,
A demon doomed to endless Hell!

¹ A were-wolf.

In the gray of the morn, ere the motherly East
From his slumberous chamber the sun had released,
We sought the lone forest, the sorrowful place
Of dread and disaster : then anxious we trace
The steps of the sore-smitten wolf. Lo ! behold !
Bedabbled with blood, and bestiffened with cold,
Scarce a rood from the spot with the slaughter-stains rife,
Joana lies ghastly, out-breathing her life.
She reads in our eyes the hunger to slay,
Yet fawningly tries to charm it away.
For pity she pleads with her agonised eyes,
Then murmurs in tones that scarce audibly rise —
“ At last ye have come ! For the whole of the night
I have lain all alone in this terrible plight.
In the strength of a love that o'erpowered my alarm
By the child was I watching, lest shadow of harm
Should fall on his fairness. And when from the wood
Outrushed the wild wolf, by the infant I stood;

I grappled the wolf,—then a thunder-flash leapt,
And I fell to the earth,—then in terror I crept
Through the black-shadowed bushes,—then fainting I fell.
Ah, help me, dear friends ! who have loved you so well ! ”
Most piteous she looked in her pain and affright,
Slim, phantom-like beautiful, snowily white :—
Our manhood forbade us to fall on and slay
A creature so feeble ;—but, turning away,
In silence we waited, while one of us sped
To bring help from a priest ere her spirit was fled.

Silent we waited ; no sound awoke
The still of the woods, save the muffled choke
Of the wan Chamorra’s gasping moan,—
And now and again the mellow cries
Of the hoopoe’s note, and the clear replies
From bell-voiced reptiles upward thrown ;

And past us flitted the butterflies
Fair as enamelled evening skies,
And golden lizards greenly shone.

For rays of the day they pierced the leaves,
Fell on the earth, and, as one that weaves,
Spun from the moss a weft of haze ;
And burly young warmth came dancing on,—
Like a frolicsome lion—that roars anon,
And fierce in wanton vigour slays.

Sudden, a thrill of a creeping chill
Ran through our veins in trickling rill :
Perforce we bent our look
Full on a figure that tow'rs us stalked—
The Wise One!—leaning, as she walked,
On her long hazel crook.

Straight to us came she,—nodded her head,
Stared in our eyes,—and then she said,
“ Praised be the Saints!—why rest ye here?”
“ Praised be they ever and ever!”—said we;
“ Twelve paces off—beneath yon tree—
There lies a wolf that slew a deer.”
“ A wolf indeed it well may be,”
The Wise One said, “ for floating free,
Foul blood-scents taint the atmosphere.”

Twelve paces she walked,—and then she saw
The wretch that lay with upward gaze.
Ha! by the drop of the stiffened jaw,
And the stare of the eyes in their open awe
Half-mocked with a smile on the greeny glaze
‘Twas clear that man and his mortal law
No hand of vengeance now could raise.

"Gone to the fiends!" the Wise One muttered,—
"Tell me the tale!" Then, quickly uttered,
The truth before her all was spread.
Said she—"Whoever could well espy
That narrow and long 'and murderous eye,
Wolf-nature might at once have read."

Then from the body away she tore
The orange kerchief its shoulders bore,
And burst the boddice seams:
There, on the bosom as white as snow—
Daintily delicate, little and low,—
The blood-red crescent gleams!

"Yea, had I seen her," the Wise One said,
"That day she crouched, and covered her head
Beneath her mantle brown,

The innocent child had never been slain
To free yon fiend from the fatal chain
That drew her Hell-wards down.

"Thoughtst thou to slip from the Devil's clutch,
Accursèd woman?—The laws for such,
Which Hell can ne'er unmake,
Give power to a draught of infant's blood—
When each new moon doth wake—
To shiver the spell of the signs that bud
Red as the incandescent flood
Of the ever-burning lake:
Though none can know what grief may grow
In other fashion of horrible woe,
For those who thus their fetters break."

'Twas then there burst upon the ear,
Through the thick foliage strong conveyed,

A mirthful joy-inspiring cheer,
That rippled like the waters clear
Of mountain torrents in the shade :

Methought that nature was released
From a terrific Demon's thrall.
Another cheer!—then signals ceased,
Forth from the thicket stepped a priest—
Our holy pastor, Padré Paul.

With many a smile and courteous bow
He waved his hat of margin wide,
Then wiped his ruddy, streaming brow,
And cast his cloak,—too heavy now
Its woollen fabric purple-dyed.

“Well, well,” says he, “what tasks require
Your Padré in such haste to run?—
All smoking from my kitchen fire
A dish that hunger would inspire
In stomach of a saintly nun—
A dishful of the tenderest crows,
Stewed in a vinegar that knows
Its business! Scarce had I begun,

“When in comes Senhor Antony,
As frantic as a flustered quail;
‘O Padré! Padré! haste,’ says he,
‘Haste to the haunted Chestnut Tree!’
And then the fellow waxes pale,
And gasps as though his wind was spent:
So quick as weasel off I went,
Nor stopped to hear him tell the tale.

“ Speak, sons!—unfold the honest truth.
Those knives at work again?—say true!
Well, well, one likes one’s sport in youth.
—Saints! a dead woman?—Pshaw!—in sooth
There’s little here for me to do.”

He turned, and looked upon the corse
Reposing livid-lovely there,—
And from it came a voiceless force
To strike a gazer with remorse
For evil thought of one so fair.

A while he mused in silentness,
Then from the Wise One answer sought—
Through what misfortune’s direful stress,
Or stroke of vengeance pitiless,
The maiden to her doom was brought?

Not long ere to his pondering mind
The tale of mystery was told,
But what his thoughts we ne'er could find—
To his own bosom all consigned,
(A cave accustomed much to hold,)—
Save this—That no one but a fool
Would trust a woman from that school
Replete with witchcrafts manifold,
Where Satan and his warlocks rule,—
Tarouca, in the mountains old.

“And now to business!” the Padré cried:
“Carry the corpse to the bare hill-side,
And shovel it over with gravel stones;
The wild-cat and wolf at night will glide,
And swallow its flesh and crunch its bones.
Haste ye! haste ye!—then on, with a stride,
For work that is not meet for drones!

“ Stir up your stumps ! we’ll off to the farm
And bury the infant, snug and warm,
Good ten foot deep in the clinging loam ;—
Thus keep ye yourselves and your flocks from harm,
When moonlight Vampires gibber and swarm,
When the accursed Bruxas roam.

“ For lo ! if the scent be once revealed
Of the corpse of an infant unaneled,
Unhallowed by Mass, and by priest unblest,—
The Bruxas come when the night prevails,
And they dig up the earth with their finger-nails
And drag the corpse from its place of rest.

“ And ere they devour it, the hellish throng
Laughing and chuckling bear it along
Far to the heights of the desert hills;

Carry it off with a chant and a song,
Fouling the air with blightsome chills.
Then woe to the shepherd ! and woe to the sheep
In the quiet fold on the mountain steep,
Lulled by the tinkle of pleasant rills,
Wrapt in the comfort of quiet sleep !
Over the shepherd they drag the dead
By the delicate down of its new-born hair,
Over the sheep they trample and tread ;
And wherever the corpse is lifted and led,
Death and destruction revel there,—
The poisonous corpse it murders and kills
With the tainted touch of its circling sweep."

Faint were our hearts, our blood ran cold,
Fell Demons round us seemed to glide ;
And some their beads of prayer o'ertold,

And some to Saints and Angels cried.
Straight the Chamorra's form we rolled
Within her mantle's sanguine fold,
And we left her on the bleak hill-side.
Then to the farm we swiftly hied,
And sank the infant in the mould.

"Here ends the tale I had to tell,"
The farmer said,— "the tale of blight."
Sure he had kept his promise well,
And on his hearers laid a spell
To haunt them in the quiet night.

No words a while the silence broke ;
Till, fain his mind to disenchant,
The English traveller careless spoke,—
Said he, "That maiden of the cloak
Was strange and fanciful I grant,

"And certainly no simple dove:
But—in my native land at least—
Such symptoms are not thought to prove
A woman, beautiful as love,
To be a devil demi-beast !

"Now, Senhor, let me frankly own
That here I think your story fails—
'Tis really very far from shown
That the poor maiden, when o'erthrown
By those atrocious rusty nails,
Was not (good creature) there alone
To guard the babe from ills and ails."

The farmer smiled,—then grave replies,
"The wolf stood manifest to view
Under the moonlight; in its eyes
I saw Joana's. All her lies
Could never make that fact untrue.

“ Moreover, note the bludgeon-stroke
That struck the wolf so fair and flat,
And all its shoulder bruised and broke ;—
No gun-shot force the wound bespoke
That on Joana’s shoulder sat,
Plain patterned by my sapling oak.
She never could account for that ! ”

The traveller answered,—“ Such belief
The poet’s fancy may employ ;
But, in this universe of grief,
Our thought should never play the thief
And plunder us of hope and joy.

“ Be these things verities indeed,—
Or be they such as men recite
Where old traditions live and breed

And mystery queens it in a creed,—
I dread not phantoms of the night;
Nor marvel much though bitter blight
'Gainst Earth's unsinning ones should speed;
Still shines the Everlasting Light,
And God the Inscrutable takes heed
To give to all things rightful meed—
Eternity sets all things right."

ANDROMEDA: A BALLAD.

ALL on the shores at Iope
A mournful maidēn wept:
The wandering billows on the sea
Ran laughingly and leapt.

The ripples of her sunny hair
Were smiling to the skies,
Wan was her face with wild despair,
And fountains were her eyes.

Like silver in the golden day
Her beauteous body shone,
Black fetters round her ankles lay:
And there she stood, alone.

Ho ho ! the heaving ocean boils !
See, sudden from the deep,
Rise the great serpent's cumbrous coils,
And crest as turret steep !

Then opens wide a ghastly cave
Its crested head below,
Where fangs like bare bones in a grave
Are champing to and fro.

It fixes grim and griesly eyes
Upon the maiden near.
Against the purple cliff she lies,
A moveless form of fear.

Slow comes the serpent, through its jaws
Disgorging clots of foam.

Close, close, and closer yet, it draws,—
When, from the azure dome

A ray of magic darts, and flings
A lustre on its face,
And one who rides on golden wing
Descends upon the place.

A buckler in his hand he shakes,
And lo ! there is revealed
A visage wreathed about with snakes,
Full on that warrior's shield.

Then, quickly as the furious flame
That rages far and near
Will shrink unto the earth in shame,
And hiss with sudden fear,

When on it flows the water-flood
Invincible of might,—
So, hissing dropped the snake, its blood
Congealing at the sight

Of sad Medusa's visage wan,
With tireless eyes that mock :
And straight the serpent's form put on
The form of granite rock.

Then to the maiden Perseus went
(The warrior thus was hight),
And scarce his eyes upon her bent,
For pity of her plight,

But drew the curtain of her hair
Across her quiet breast,
And drew it round her body bare,
Which swooned lay at rest.

And tenderly the godlike man
Her fettered ankles freed,
And distant-watching maidens ran
To help her in her need.

They brought her back to love and life.

Prince Perseus, as was meet,
For guerdon gained her as his wife—
Andromeda the sweet.

THESEUS: A BALLAD.

Now who is this that takes his way
Along the cavern lone?
The light of day comes faint and gray,
And hidden waters moan.

Grim is the place and wan and wild,
No pleasantness it hath,
Great boulder-stones and rocks are piled
In heaps upon the path.

And oft this wayfarer must crawl
Through crannies dank with slime,
And oft-times o'er a rocky wall
He painfully must climb.

All naked doth his body show,
Majestical of mould ;
And naked in his hand doth glow
A sword that glints like gold.

And constantly he doth untwine
A clue, as silver bright,
Whose thread shall be a guiding line
To bring him back to light.

Whence came the golden-bladed brand
To Theseus (whom ye see),
Too proudly seeming for the hand
Of one so bare as he ?

Twas Ariadne's gift of love—
The daughter she, I ween,
Of Minos, kin to gods above,
And of his crownèd queen.

And Ariadne, clear of wit,
The clue to Theseus gave,
To lead him from the mazy pit
Which else had been his grave.

For nigh the labyrinthine road
Through rocks asunder riven,
A monster foul and fierce abode,
Accurst of earth and heaven.

On youths and maidens was he fed,
Whom there they would entomb ;
He rent them with his horn'd head
And crunched them in the gloom.

Now Theseus, offspring of a king,
Had sailed the salt seas o'er,
To end that direful monstrous thing,
The loathly Minotaur.

So here is Theseus on his way
Along the fateful path,
Where light of day comes faint and gray
And life is lapped in death.

An hour he travels, on and on,
And nothing doth he meet—
Ha!—'tis a rusty skeleton
That cracks beneath his feet.

The cavern opens forth more wide,
And day begins to spring.
Then Theseus, on the farther side,
Beholds a grawsome thing :

The brutish likeness of a man
On giant limbs upreared ;
But o'er the chest's enormous span
A bestial head appeared—

The head as of a mighty bull
With nostrils broad and bare;
The human body, wonderful,
Was bristled brown with hair.

Red fire is rushing from its eyes,
It stamps the cavern floor,
It utters mournful moans and sighs,
Stark mad for human gore.

But Theseus, casting down the clue,
His sword before him shakes,
As one that stirs himself anew:
Then, with a roar that wakes

The rock foundations from their sleep,
The thunderous brute comes forth,
As when the winds of winter sweep
Wild waters of the North.

But swift between the horns that shed

A faint and fitful glow,

And o'er the horrors of the head,

Prince Theseus strikes his blow

Fair on the fount of life that stops

Within the marrowy spine :—

And down the deadly monster drops,

As drops a mountain pine ;

And bellows forth his utmost breath

With one convulsive thrill.

Thus Minotauros died the death :

And all the cave was still.

Said Theseus, as he wiped his brand

Upon that monster's side,

“ When to the lordly Attic land

I come across the tide,

“And, great in fame and glory, tread
My father’s kingly hall,—
Oh, would that I might hang this head
High on the marble wall!”

Then turns the hero to his clue,
And backward wends his way
The labyrinthine cavern through
To lightsome realms of day.

To realms of lightsomeness and love,
For Ariadne fair,
As soft as Aphrodite’s dove,
Is waiting for him there.

And through the adamantine rock,
Where caverned waters flow
To meet the briny billows’ shock,
Together forth they go.

And, hidden in a haven dark
Within the mountain's height,
Behold ! a gay and gallant bark,
As falcon fair of flight.

Up with the anchor ! swift aboard,
Prince Theseus with your bride !
Away from destinies abhor'd,
Away upon the tide !

Away ! away ! the breeze is best,
The sails are on the strain.
Then hey ! for Attica the blest
Across the emerald main.

THREE SCENES.

WITHIN THE HOUSE.

The new-made widow waits and muses.

THEY tell me that my love is dead :
His flower of life, so sweetly blown,
On the unthankful desert strown,
Its beauty crushed, its fragrance shed.

Within this room where shadows sleep,
Alone I lie and strive to mourn ;
But something laughs my woe to scorn,
And cramps my heart,—I cannot weep.

My love is dead, they tell me so :
Yet still before my soul he stands—
A traveller held in distant lands,
Not gone for evermore—ah no !

Ah, say not that the lands are far
Where my belovèd one doth roam :
He hath but wandered from his home,
To walk where woods and mountains are ;

To look upon the lights that burn
In golden glory o'er the hill,
To listen to the murmurous rill ;—
Soon, soon, my darling will return.

I see him ! garnished with the grace
That freely through the forest flows,

With airs of honey-bloom and rose,
With Eden glowing in his face.

His eyes with ecstasy are fraught,—
As a mild wood-dove feeds her young,
They nurture mine with gladness sprung
From loveliness by Nature wrought,—

And splendour circles round his head ;
He speaks like breezes that entwine
Their softness with a stately pine—
He lives strong life—he is not dead !

Not dead—yet why this weight unknown
That holds my heart in voiceless woe,
This pressure of a tyrant foe ?
O power that fetters ! let me moan.

BEHIND THE HOUSE.

A Savoyard Girl, with a marmot and a hurdy-gurdy, plays, sings, and dances.

Far away from my mountains,
From the waft of the breeze ;
Far away from my valley,
From the flowers and the trees ;

Far away from my mother,
In a dull distant land,
I must sing and make music
With the turn of my hand.

Merry bird in the pear-tree, that warbles and sings,
Take my heart to the mountains, far away, on your
wings !

Dear, pretty, little marmot,
Do you long to be free ?
Or are you more happy
To be nestling with me ?

Sweet and kind are your eyes, dear,
And you're soft and you're gray;
You are good, and you love me
In the land far away.

Merry bird in the pear-tree, that warbles and sings,
Take my heart to the mountains, far away, on your
wings!

BEFORE THE HOUSE.

The Funeral moves on.

They bear him along on their trusty arms—
And the pall is wet with an April shower—
Adown the valley and past the farms,
To the clang of the bell in the ivy tower.

They bear him along to the graveyard gloom,
And they leave him a while to rest in the day;
For the folk must sing, and the organ boom,
And the mournful vicar must read and pray.

But soon they raise him, and off again
With a slow, uncertain, solemn tread ;
And there follows him close a sable train,
The men that are nighest of kin to the dead :

And they set him down at the grave betimes,
Where by weeping maidens a hymn is sung ;
While, high overhead, from the tops of the limes,
Come the cry of the rooks and the plaint of their
young.

Then the vicar prays the prayers that are meet,
And the coffin is laid in the clammy ground :
Yet the early flowers are both gay and sweet,
And the vicar's dog goes wandering round.

And away go the folk, with a saddened mien,
With steps that halt and with tongues that pause :

But they see the old limes in the sun-light sheen,
And they list to the rooks with their callous caws;

And strong nature's might in their veins they feel,
And their life-blood thrills as they briskly walk;
So half-glad, half-sorry, their hearts they steel,
And smile grows laughter, and whisper talk.

Lo, this is the way of the world to-day;
It will yet be the way of the world to-morrow:
And he who would sorrow, and he who would pray,
Should pray all alone, and alone should sorrow.

FRANKIE.*

THERE was a boy in Ireland
Beside the Liffey stayed,
And daily by the river strand
He carried on his trade.

A humble trade—but humbleness
Unwealthy people suits—
A vulgar trade, no more nor less
Than blacking shoes and boots.

¹ The details of this true story are taken from an excellent little book, by Miss Davies, entitled "The Helping Hand: or Stories of the Coombe Boys' Home"—published in Dublin in 1875.

Poor little Frank was twelve years old,
A puny boy and pale;
His brushes he could hardly hold,
So weak was he and frail.

He laboured morning, moon, and night,
And custom quickly came,
The folk took pity on his plight,
For he was likewise lame:

So lame he scarce could crawl about,—
Some fellow, whisky-“glorious,”
Had kicked poor Frankie’s hip-bone out,
“O'er ills of life victorious.”

But wondrous are the powers that stay
In those who can’t adjust
Their habits to the mirthful *may*,
But to the mournful *must*!

Nay more, content and pleasure lurk
In labour deftly done :
Young Frankie learned to love the work
By which his bread was won.

And putting, though no cultured boy,
His heart into his duty,
He found a meek artistic joy
In bringing boots to beauty.

So sweet his suffering-seraph face,
And tender, patient eyes,
And gentle, melancholy grace,
That people, in surprise,

Would stand and gaze with pitying stare,
And murmur at the fate
That doomed a child so softly fair
To pine in low estate.

And many an honest, worthy man,
Whose heart with love was gushing,
His boots would straight begin to scan
And vow they wanted brushing.

Thus penny payments, boot by boot,
From morn till day's decline,
Made Frankie's purse of stocking-foot
A perfect copper-mine.

Then, heavy task for one so frail,
He'd slowly lift his pack
And travel homewards, like a snail
With goods upon its back.

For Frankie, I would have you know,
Was furnished with a home,—
No vagrant hustled to and fro,
For ever bound to roam.

Yes, Frankie had a happier lot
Than many a lordly dweller
In palaces where love is not,
For in his lowly cellar

A loving mother waited him,
And little sisters five,
Whom he, although so frail of limb,
Could help to keep alive.

And ne'er in mansions of pretence
Were cheerier scenes, may-hap,
Than Frankie pouring all his pence
Into his mother's lap.

Then kindly would she kiss her boy,
So noble, brave, and true ;
The little sisters, full of joy,
Would come and kiss him too.

Soon round the steaming supper pot
They'd make such loving mirth,
The room would seem a sacred spot,
A humble heaven on earth.

Outside was one who'd gaze and gaze
With envy in his face,
And wish that he might spend his days
In that most pleasant place.

'Twas Jim,—a great unlucky lad,
A silent, sullen fellow;
No sort of training had he had
To make his nature mellow.

A homeless stroller of the town,
In daily want of food,
The lad would wander up and down
And labour where he could.

Oft would he work among the coals
In some old collier-barge :
They'd flog his jacket into holes,
Then give him his discharge.

He'd fetch or carry, dig or hew,
Drive swine, or gather sticks ;
Alas ! his half-pence still were few,
While many were his kicks !

A savage, sulky lad was Jim,
A hog all tusk and bristle,
A nettle in the stinging trim,
An Ishmael of a thistle.

Rough weed ! for thee there wept no showers,
No sunshine on thee smiled :
But God delights in all His flowers,
Both garden-plants and wild.

And Jim, on earth, was taught to swell
Heaven's grand hosanna cry;
For glorious on the outcast fell
The dayspring from on high.

* * * *

Return we now to Frank a while,—
At work beside the river,
Rejoicing over his penny pile
And thankful to each giver.

Behold a scurvy, scoundrel lot,
Who watch the child by stealth,
And plan a miserable plot
To rob him of his wealth.

'Tis sunset. See, with weary strain
Poor Frankie homeward limps:
He nears a dark and dismal lane—
Out rush the savage imps!

As when the patient Osprey toils
To capture fish for food,
And bears away her glittering spoils
To glad her hungry brood,

Down swoops the bald Sea-eagle—whish !
And, ere his talons touch,
The cowering Osprey drops the fish
She carries in her clutch,

So trembling little Frankie yields
What he can keep no longer :
But ah ! submission seldom shields
Weak boyhood from the stronger !

These fiends (or, may-be, embryo saints)
Are not content to rob,
But beat poor Frankie till he faints,
To finish up the job.

And oft again they worked their will,
Delighted with the prank
That made the little cripple's till
Their steady savings-bank.

But things will sometimes go amiss
With villains and extorters,—
Down comes an angry Nemesis
From unexpected quarters.

And Ishmael Jimmy—who but he!—
Shall be the stout redresser,
To set the poor oppressed one free
And chasten the aggressor.

Too often Fortune fails to bring
(We farmer-folk can tell it)
The very man who wants a thing
To him who wants to sell it;

But now, as gentle as a dove,
A kindly part she played,
And brought the lad who wanted love
To him who wanted aid.

As Jimmy once in hungry vein
Watched Frankie at his supper,
The lower instincts of his brain
Severely jogged the upper;

And, through the vigour of the shock,
A spark of mental light
Enkindled somewhere in the block
A notion clear and bright.

Accordingly, as Frankie sat
Next morning on the Quay,
Came Jimmy to him (lads like that
Are introduction-free),

And there and then did Jim propose
A treaty of alliance,
Thro' which young Frank might set his foes
Completely at defiance.

Terms fixed :—*Imprimis*, Jim shall smite
The thieves of Frankie's hoard ;
Secundo, Frank shall every night
Give Jimmy bed and board.

And, mind you, 'twas no paltry pay,—
For Jimmy's nightly lodging
Was just where he contrived to stay
By means of skilful dodging :

And sometimes he would rest behind
The pillars of a Club ;
Or, like Diogenes, would find
Much comfort in a tub ;

Or, greatest of all joys, would draw
Close to some bake-house flue,
When the grim Myrmidon of law
Had stalked away from view.

Once Jim and other lads of note,
Birds of a kindred feather,
Beneath a bottom-upwards boat
Kept *open* house together.

A happy summer house, but soon
Cold winter nipped their fun :
Though ventilation is a boon
It may be overdone.

Come frost, come storm, come misty blights,
They merely closer crept,
And through the long, long winter nights
They shivered as they slept.

At length, descending in the dark,
A mighty fall of snow
Entombed the poor old crazy bark
With all the lads below.

There, like to sparrows in a trap
On which the brickbat falls,
They struggled hard to find a gap
Or pierce their prison walls.

And, kneeling, with their backs they strove
To lift the weighty block :
Alas ! the boat no more would move
Than limpe from a rock.

Then Jim and his companions seven
Set up a doleful shout :
Policemen, passing (sent by Heaven)
O'erheard, and dug them out.

‘All’s well that ends well’—but for some

Misfortune knows no ending,

And Jim was ready to succumb,

When luck, for once befriending,

So kindly whispered the *ideal*,

To which his deep devotion

Would likewise help him in the *real*—

A noble Foreign notion.

* * * *

Now, reader, back again to Frank !

The sun had made its round ;

Our boy had left the river’s bank,

His steps were homeward bound ;

And flickering on his face there shone

The dreary, doubtful smile

Of one who valiantly goes on,

But trembles all the while.

And soon that dreadful place he nears,
That dark secluded lane,
Where hide the enemy : his ears
And eyes are on the strain.

Oh terrible ! though help, he knew,
Would certain come as fate,
Thinks Frank—" Whatever shall I do
If Jim arrives *too late!*"

Hark ! screeches, whistles, curses clang—
A peal to please the Devil :
Out rush the ragamuffin gang
And lay poor Frankie level.

But suddenly their fiendish fun
Was strangely brought to check,
And such confusion was begun
As when upon the deck

Of pirate ship a bomb-shell grounds
And sends the fragments flying :
'Tis Jimmy, who with tiger-bounds
Arrives where Frank is lying,

And unexpected grace extends,
Expressed in bounteous blows,
To these who thought themselves his friends
But find themselves his foes.

And like as with a top that spins,
As faster fall the lashes
The more capacity it wins
For furious darts and dashes,—

Thus Jimmy—every trick they try
He merely strikes the stronger.
He smote the sinners hip and thigh,
Till fight they could no longer.

Then with some valedictory shoves
He put the business through :
And sweet it is when Heaven approves
What nature likes to do !

A happy boy was Frank indeed,
As he may guess who chooses
His pennies from the spoiler freed,
His body safe from bruises.

He uttered ne'er a word at all,
But merely gazed at Jim,
And bought some apples at a stall
And gave them all to him.

So Jimmy marches on with pride,
A fighting-cock of feather,
And Frankie hobbles at his side,—
And home they go together.

What need to chronicle the joy
Of mother and of sisters,
Enraptured to behold their boy
Preserved from wounds and blisters !

They kissed and kissed his tiny face,
Each jealous of the other ;
Then took brave Jimmy into grace
And made him son and brother.

They feasted him with choicest fare,
And on their warmest bed
The lad (half wondering if he dare)
Reposed h's ragged head.

* * * *

Some weeks passed pleasantly, the same
In peace and happy stillness.
At length a great misfortune came,
For Frank was seized with illness.

And Jimmy, sad to say, was bound
To leave the homely dwelling
Wherein, poor fellow, he had found
A joy too great for telling.

* * * *

Now whether Frankie lived or died,

I know not which the way be,—

Nor will I wander without guide

Through regions of the may-be;

For whether Frank be here or there—

In earth or heaven above—

He lives within the holy care

Of God, and God is Love.

But as for Jimmy, I have heard

That, after many changes,

Much flight, like Noah's sable bird,

O'er waste and weary ranges,

A friendly hand was tow'rd him spread
By one of Mercy's daughters,
Who called the vagrant thing, and shed
Across the troubled waters

The radiance of celestial love,
Which beamed upon this raven,
And gave him plumage of the dove,
And lit him to a haven

Where hellish tempests do not come.
To speak more plain and fairly,
Rough Jimmy now has found a home,
And work that suits him rarely.

A fiery work of power and pith—
Oh! livelier far than tillage—
Rough Jim is now the stoutest smith
That ever wrought in village.

And, glorying in his might of hand,
When merry-makings come,
Most jovial of the village Band
He thunders on the drum.

Farewell, friend readers : oh ! believe,
There is no better fashion
Of giving, that ye may receive
God's bounties of compassion

Along with store of sweet delights,
Than helping in the labours
Of those who save our Ishmaelites
And make them honest neighbours.

GOODBYE TO PHIL.

Good-night, my darling little Phil,
No longer must you stay ;
For I am far too weak and ill
To talk to you and play—
Perhaps I'm going away.

They tell me it's a happy land,
Where all good people go ;
And there your master soon shall stand,
And leave you here below :
Ah, Phil ! I think you know—

You look at me so earnestly,
And droop your pretty tail,
And make your tiny whining cry,
As if your heart would fail—
Your face looks almost pale !

O Philly, how we used to run
In our beloved wood,
When all my lesson-work was done,
As quickly as I could,
And we were out for good.

Ah, wasn't it a lovely place,
So pleasant and so still !
And through the heather we would race
Around the sandy hill,
And hunt the rabbits, Phil.

Or through the bramble and the fern
We merrily would hie,
And hares from cunning corners turn,
And make the pheasants fly
With such a startled cry !

And oh, how nice it was to ride
On Lily round the parks ;
While you would follow at her side,
Or chase the rising larks,
With happy bounds and barks.

And in the early summer time,
When trees were smelling best,
High up the spruces I would climb
And peep into each nest,—
While you would pant and rest.

And sometimes, where our favourite brook
Beside the garden flows,
For water-rats we used to look ;
And when the bubbles rose
Before your dainty nose,

How loud your angry little shriek
Would make the echoes ring,
As eagerly you'd dance, and seek
To catch the diving thing ;
While pebbles I would fling.

O Philly, had I strength again
In this small weary arm,
I would not give poor creatures pain,
Nor try to do them harm—
My heart has grown so warm.

For soon I'm going far away
To that sweet heavenly land,
To learn a better sort of play
Than you can understand—
So beautiful and grand !

I should not mind so very much
To leave the world and die,
It does not seem so hard to such
As feel so weak as I,—
But yet it makes me cry

To think how sorry you will be
To miss this face of mine ;
And every hour you'll long for me,
And never cease to whine,
And waste away and pine.

My father and my mother dear—
It's sad to see their pain:
But death comes closer year by year,
And no one can remain—
We all shall meet again;

And walk, they say, in lands of light
Where angels come and go,
And shine more beautiful and bright
Than any words could show—
And must *you* stay below?

O Phil! my Phil! it can't be true
That never shall you see
The fair and happy countries too,
Where I so soon shall be—
You've been so dear to me!

Your loving spirit from afar
Will seek me when you die;
Beyond the highest, highest star
Your love will bear you high:
For love has wings to fly.

IN RICHMOND PARK.¹

WHY stands she there so solemn
Beside the whisp'ring water,
Like some memorial column ?
What misery hath sought her ?

Why all so black and lonely
In yon wide meadow stopping ?
The deer around her only,
The fragrant herbage cropping.

¹ In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July 1876.

Her vesture, crape-enshrouded,
Would seem the outward token
Of sorrows closely crowded
Beside a heart half-broken ;—

And mark the kerchief's whiteness
Across the sable going,
To meet the 'minished brightness
Of eyes with anguish flowing !

Full many a one, lamenting,
Will compass mournful pleasure
Where Nature unrelenting
Bestows her sternest measure,—

Amidst the rhythmic thunders
Of ocean's endless story,
Or 'neath the weirdly wonders
Of forests old and hoary ;

Or where from gulfs abhorrent
The mountain rears its steepness,
Or where the furious torrent
Descends to darksome deepness.

And likewise there are mourners
Who love to lie and languish
In quiet nooks and corners,
To calm their spirit's anguish,—

'Mong gracious garden roses
Behind the yew-tree screening,
Or where the brake discloses
Wild blossoming and greening;

Or where the river stilly
Moves gently in its gliding
Through reed and water-lily,
And loathes to leave its hiding.

Thus some, with Nature's madness
And frenzy of turmoilings,
Would crush their sullen sadness
In vast pythonic coilings.

Thus some, to Nature's mildness
Their weary spirits bringing,
Would charm away the wildness
Of sorrow's cruel stinging.

But thou, poor lonely woman !
What find'st thou in that station—
Displayed to gazers human—
Of comfort's revelation ?

No might dwells there to awe thee,
Grim sorrow's force out-stressing ;
Nor peaceful power to draw thee
From tyrant grief's oppressing.

Yea ! stand'st thou there as martyr ?
In mystical emotion
That scorns for joy to barter
One drop of poisoned potion ?

And therefore in the meadow
Forlornly stand'st thou dreaming,
A black mysterious shadow
In the pale sunset's gleaming ?

Yet, may be, self-compassion
Within thy soul hath spoken,
Declaring through what fashion
Thy bonds might best be broken ;

And in the peopled loneliness
Of this vast park of pleasure
Thou find'st a subtle proneness
To yield thy heart a treasure.

As the dun deer go straying
Around thy silent figure,
Perchance in thee are playing
Some spells of joyous vigour,

Empowered to lift thy musing
Beyond the woeful present,
Its sombreness transfusing
With memories fair and pleasant.

For God's kind forest-creatures—
Great Nature in them dwelleth;
They form her smiling features,
Whence all her love out-welleth:

And, like to children tender
That know not guile nor sinning,
Their spirits slim and slender
Breathe effluence sweetly winning.

Say, dost thou feel that essence,
Thou solitary weeper?
And brings it back the presence
Of a loved infant sleeper—

Thine infant fondly cherished?
And doth the influx cheer thee,
No more to deem it perished,
But feel it moving near thee?

Or dost thou feel, caressing
Thy widow-woeful fancies,
A touch of perfect blessing,—
At which thy spirit dances?

A touch as softly falling
As thistle-down alighted,
Strong thought of him recalling
To whom thy love was plighted—

The sharer of the sweetness
Of all thy earthly being,—
Who fled with angel fleetness,
And vanished from thy seeing ;—

A soul of nurture simple,
Who loved the life that quivers
Beneath the airs that dimple
The forest lakes and rivers ;

Who loved the dell deep-holden
Within the green-wood mazes,
More than the mansions golden
Where fashion blares and blazes ;

And counted wild-wood haunters—
The deer of spirit tender—
Far lovelier than the flaunters
In palaces of splendour.

So, dost thou seek thy vanished
Where he most oft hath found thee,—
Where man is seen but banished,
And wild things roam around thee ?

O poor unfriended mourner !
My spirit flies to greet thee :
Ah ! think me not a scorner,
But let my spirit meet thee ;

Yea, meet thy spirit, bringing
Such balm to heal thy sorrow,
As prayers and sighs up-winging
From angel stores can borrow.

THE MOORLAND MOTH.¹

HAST thou no voice,
Sweet creature soft and golden !
To sing, “ Rejoice,
Weak spirit ! ”—to embolden
My faltering choice ?—
With magic of thy beauty
To hold me to my duty ?

Thou more than soft !
Thou ravishingly mellow !

¹ *Bombyx Quercus*, or *B. Callunæ* (Morris), *Lasiocampa Roboris* (Humphreys), the Oak Egger. A large and lovely moth of amber lights and russet shades, with a clear white spot on each of its upper wings. The beauty of the moth brings calm to the spirit of one called to surrender her earthly love.

What Seraph doffed
His tunic—tender yellow
As skies aloft
When evening sunbeams clamber
Arrayed in woven amber,—

Doffed it to spread
All o'er thy head of wonder,
Then loving led
The robe around and under,—
Golden as bed
Where the sweet wood bee dallies
Within the lily's chalice?

O'er thy slight wings
Dark shade he gathers meetly
Lest envious things
Discover thee too featly ;
But pearl he brings,

And stars them each with whiteness
To garnish them with brightness.¹

Lo here, sweet moth,
Thou clingest to the heather;
As, bound in troth,
Two lovers rest together
In blissful sloth,
In tender interlacing
Of listless love's embracing.

Would, would that I
As calmly were reposing!
My loved one nigh,
Green leaves around us closing,
And woodbine high :—
Ah! Heaven—and must thou sever
Such love from mine for ever!

¹ The clear white spots on the wings.

My thoughts grow mad,
So deep am I dejected ;
My soul, unclad
With strength and unprotected,
Is deathlike sad ;
For subtle fiends pursue me—
Ah, let them not undo me !

Heaven, thou art dumb.
Nay, from Thy moth outvoicing,
Clear whispers come
That call me to rejoicing :
As bells call some
To merriment and wedding,
While many tears are shedding.

It speaks not words,
But in my soul I read them ;

As songs of birds,
Though there be none to heed them,
Kiss the gold chords
Of Nature's noble lyre
And make the music higher.

So the moth tells
Of sympathy supernal,
That springs and swells
In radiancy eternal
From heavenly wells,
Perennial in the duty
To fashion endless beauty.

My spirit feels
Such glamour in that story,—

Which now reveals
Infinities of glory,
And now conceals,—
That mid those fair confusions
I smile at Earth's illusions.

DEA INCognita.¹

FAIREST and sweetest ! the love-light is playing
Soft on thy tresses, like melodies straying
O'er the long ripple of southerly waves ;
Womanhood's essence within thee is dwelling,
Marvels and mysteries songfully telling
Forth from the deeps of the mystical caves.

How from the soul of thee fragrance is rushing !
Springs of delightsomeness swelling and gushing,
Flooding my heart with unspeakable grace,

¹ An enthusiast thinks to recognize in a beautiful unknown a vision of ideal Womanhood, mystically revealed.

Ether of joyfulness out from thee wending,—
All of my nature, in unison bending,
Bows to the might of thy beautiful face !

Whence is the glory-flood over me streaming ?
Glow of trance-vision, remembrance of dreaming,
Light from the shores of the slumberous sea—
Silent in solitudes dimly reposing
Far from the glamours of outward disclosing—
Home of the spirit of all things that be.

Lo, in the womanly curves of thy forming,
All that is bountiful, all that is warming,
Mingles, and mazes and maddens the sight ;
Order's eidolon the oval expresses
Clothed in the sheen of thine exquisite tresses—
Motherhood's ovoid of archetype light.¹

¹ In reference to the (so called) 'Orphic egg,' of the earliest mythologies,—the shape formed by the Creator, from ether, chaos, and night, to be the matrix of all things.

Warm in thine eye-glance Creation is wooing,
Casting a spell with a whisper of cooing ;
Nobleness passive is framed on thy brow ;
Delicate cheek of symmetrical moulding,
Rose-bringing honey-mouth pureness enfolding,
Witness Love primal incarnated now.

Thine the quintessence of finest and fairest,
Thine the most typical richest and rarest ;
Thou art the Eden thyself, and the Eve.
Nature's own goddess-hood in thee thou bearest,
Livest in, joyest in, over thee wearest,—
Formed for a gladness, yet fated to grieve !

Man cannot woo thee and make thee his treasure ;
Time cannot move to Eternity's measure,
Thou art a symphony sung from the sky :

Hopeless I yearn for the primal perfection
Imaged by thee in illusive reflexion ;
If I forget thee not, hapless I die.

Ah ! thou sweet beautiful ! list to my wailing ;
Cast on thy loveliness gauzes of veiling,
Lay the white veil on thy locks of dim gold,
Cover thy glory of gladness and sadness,—
Ere my wrought spirit escape into madness,
Leaving my body to melt in the mould.

MAYA.¹

Oh, what contentment lies
In grace of summer skies
, That warm the wintry world and make it fair to
scan ?
No might have they to still
The ever-flowing rill
Of restless vague desire that haunts the heart of man.

¹ Illusion. The loveliness of the Nature-Spirit leads man to seek her for his own, but her being is too subtle to be grasped ; so, to escape despair, he must either renounce her for the sensuous World-Spirit, or win his way to her at last through union with the Heaven-Spirit.

The billowy bloom that sleeps
Among the woodland deeps
Displays its priceless store to tempt our yearning
sight;
Yet when we fain would hold
Queen Nature's lavished gold,
And coffer it to serve for coming days' delight,—

Ah then, with mocking dip,
The treasure-glories slip
Perfidious from our clasp, and vanish into space:
And there we sigh and moan,
More sorrowful and lone
Than had we ne'er beheld those witcheries of grace.

E'en thus, what meets the ear
When forest-murmurs cheer
The sick despondent soul with lullabies of song—

The cooing resonance
Of mingled tones, that dance
So solemn and so sweet, so tender and so strong,—

It makes but mockery
Of him who fain would try
To garner in his heart that rapture of a dream:
It fades, it fades in mist,
And he is left to list
The sullen-throated roar of Life's old turbid stream.

O fond and foolish man !
Bethink thee of a plan
To seek and seize no goods save those thy hand can
grasp ;
If the wild bee refuse
Hale honey for thy use,
Go take and feed thy fill on poison from the asp !

Renounce the fores fair,
Nor breathe its trancing air ;
Enmew thy sacred self within the sallow town ;
Whose demon shall dispense
All joys to suit thy sense,
Yet cleave to thee,—yea, cling when thou wouldest
lay them down.

Or if thy soul have force
To keep a nobler course,
Then onward let it toil, and pilgrim-paths essay ;
And count all joys no more
Than smiles that come before
As earnest of the cheer that waits thee far away.

LEAVES AND WATERS.

WHEN faded leaves are falling
On idle waters—crawling
Heart-weary of their way,
To where the rivers rushing
In force of flooded flushing
Move with majestic sway—
I listen to the weeping
Of the stilly rain drops, steeping
The forest in decay.

They whisper,—O thou being !
So sorrowfully seeing

The gay green forest's fate,
Thy life is but a seeming,
The shadow of a dreaming,
 The symbol of a state :
Like to the leafage wasting,
Slow crawling on, or hastening,
To black Oblivion's gate.

I answer them,—O daughters
Of sunshine and of waters !
Man is not like the leaves,
Which glad the forest growing,
Then fading fall,—and flowing,
 Away from Earth that grieves,
Adown the rushing river,
Go vanishing for ever
 To where the ocean heaves.

His being doth resemble
The water-wastes that tremble
To meet the sun-god's ray,
And rise to him ; then falling
At weary Earth's recalling
Deject a while they stay ;
Till breathes their bridegroom burning,
And straight to him returning
Once more they rise to day.

Ah rain-drop ! man is brother
To thee, and ne'er another
Of Nature's soulless birth ;—
No creature formed to grovel
In planetary hovel,
Fast fettered to the Earth ;
But framed to follow dancing
The love-beams that are glancing
From Eden lands of mirth.

SPIRIT MUSIC.

MAN toils and schemes for wealth and glory;

But they alone can compass joy

Who mystically mark the story

Of love, too heavenly pure to cloy ;

Which breathes a music echoing faintly

The blissful melody of souls,

That rings around the mansions saintly

And o'er the crystal ocean rolls,—

A melody that moves and trances
Though measureless its accents be,
For Nature's spirit sings and dances
In cadence with its harmony.

And where no human sounds are stirring
In woodland or on mountain heights,
The lovely music, oft recurring,
Will yield its delicate delights

To souls attuned to feel it thrilling
Above the voices desert-born
Of breeze, and brook, and song-burst trilling
From creatures lone and sweetly lorn.

Yet murmur of the crowds that welter
In sordid cities vilely pent,
Whom vampire pinions shade and shelter
And fan into a false content,

Hath sounds of Heaven within its moaning,
And notes of pleasant Paradise,—
While cadenced to the fitful groaning
Of dwellers under evil skies;

For, hov'ring o'er the vocal dreariness
Begot of cynic worldly song,
Arise glad notes of angel clearness
From holy haunters of the throng.

Though body dwell mid graves and gutters
In darksome dens where fiends rejoice,
A heavenly soul high music utters
And climbs to Eden on its voice;

Or on that lovely lucent ladder
The angel comforters descend,
And gladder grows the soul, and gladder,
Till gladness come that cannot end.

Yea, though, 'mong fiends more foul of savour,
In courtly homes the body stay,
A sacred soul will gently quaver
As birds that sing in autumn's gray.

Sad, sad its chant among the hazes
Of fog-benighted worldly air;
Yet moves it singing thro' the mazes,
Till Heaven is found, and rapture there.

A HONEY-BEE PARABLE.

As BEES to some fair solitude
Wing their swift way in search of food,
But straight return, and zealous strive
To swell the treasures of the hive :
Thus do thou, man of God !—repair
To solitude ; to mountains, where
The holy breaths of Heaven are rushing,—
Or to the darksome forest, hushing
The heart with awe ecstatic,—there
Diffuse thy very self in prayer.
Then fed with beauty from above
Proceed thou, fraught with hope and love,

To share the tainted ugliness
Of peopled haunts, where myriads press
On worldly work, or soft reclining
Hell-fettered know not they are pining ;
Feed their starved souls with Eden sweetness—
Unmeasured got, but given with meetness ;—
So shall thy spirit lighted be
From lovely lamps of Sympathy.

He who would feast the multitude
Must first win wealth of Heavenly food :
Heaven's food devoured, and not imparted,
Makes the lone feaster sorry-hearted.

ASPIRATION.

O LORD, thou art so good,
My spirit weak and rude
Desires from out the dust its weary self to raise :
Lord, lift me from the gloom
That holds me in the tomb,
And teach me how to smile, and teach me how to praise.

Thou blest immortal King,
The praises I can sing
Are all unworthy Thee to hearken to and hear ;

For we indeed are nought
But wretched creatures, fraught
With earthliness and guilt, and doubtfulness and fear.

Oh send Thy blessed power
From morn till even's hour,
To mitigate the griefs that haunt my mortal frame ;
Send influence from on high,
That ere this body die
My soul may learn to shine in pure celestial flame.

A SONG OF CHEER.

COME to the power that will teach thee to sing
Strains that are meet for the Paradise King !
Open thy being to floods of the grace
Poured from the founts of the mystical place !

Where are the pleasures that pall not at last ?
Where are the climes that are safe from the blast ?
Wouldst thou be happy and peaceful and blest,
Trust in the Lord, with a conscience at rest.

Cease to be woeful and weary of mood,
Live in the strength of the Spirit of good,
Keep thou from sinning and live thou secure,
Angels are many in homes of the pure.

List to the songs of the birds of the grove,
Sweet with contentment and merry with love ;
Love makes an Eden for innocent things,
Evil unknowing and agile of wings.

Man cannot sing with the songs of a bird,—
Sin has a cadence that ever is heard,—
Pure though his soul in its uttermost choice,
Conscience is his, and it clings to his voice.

Nay then, in Heaven thou shalt have for thine own
Music more mellow in measure and tone ;
Birds may the echoes of Eden prolong,
Glorified souls in themselves are a song.

ROSES AND MELODIES.

FAIREST of flowers in the garden are weeping
Dew-drops of joy, at the peace that is sleeping
Down in the deeps of the hearts of the roses,
Glowing and blowing where tenderly closes
Anodyne balm on the eyes of the weary,—
Lonely and wayworn and desolate dreary,
Straight from the woes and the terrible toiling,
Envy and malice, and endless turmoiling,
Grown on the earth as the weeds that come springing
Through the rich harvest when Autumn is singing ;
Soft on their senses the fragrance is flowing,
Fresh from the rosary blowing and glowing.

Kisses of melody fall on the sleepers,
Strengthen the weariful, comfort the weepers ;
Mildly and mildly the music is stealing
Velvety soft on their spirits, revealing
Harmonies ruling the planets in motion,
Rhythmical runes that eternity's ocean
Lists to, and answers in leaping and playing,
All its blue billows in merriment swaying,
Heaving and swaying while rises a sweetness
Born of the waves in their freshness and fleetness.
Oh, what an æther of melody presses
Soft on a soul that the Holy One blesses !

SONGS AND VERSICLES.

LIGHT OF BLIGHT.

A CHEERLESS sun on Corrie Fee¹
With cold effulgence falls,
And mocks its mountain greenery
And grey, majestic walls.

For all the fissures of the rocks
And deeply furrowed rifts,
The livid radiance flouts and mocks,
So searchingly it sifts ;

¹ A wild, rock-encircled glen in Clova Forest, among the mountains of Forfarshire.

So searchingly it sifts and pries,
So cruel clear its light,
In vain each faulty fissure tries
To hide itself from sight :

In vain the feeble flowerets strive
To creep away from blame ;
The clever sun dissects alive,
While Nature weeps for shame.

Yet when more genial rays shall rove
Around that mountain steep,
The rugged rocks will glow with love,
And all the flowers that sleep

Where tender grasses deck the height
Will raise their heads in air,
And Nature, radiant with delight,
Will once again look fair.

THE FLITCH OF DUNMOW.¹

COME Micky and Molly and dainty Dolly,
Come Betty and blithesome Bill ;
Ye gossips and neighbours, away with your labours !
Come to the top of the hill.
For there are Jenny and jovial Joe ;
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go,
Jogging over the hill.

¹ By old custom at Dunmow, a fitch of bacon is given to whatsoever husband and wife will make oath that they have dwelt together for the twelvemonth succeeding their marriage without shadow of disagreement. Were such a couple to be found, they would ride in procession to claim their reward.

By apple and berry, 'tis twelve months merry
Since Jenny and Joe were wed !
And never a bother or quarrelsome pother
To trouble the board or bed.
So Joe and Jenny are off to Dunmow :
Happy and happy, happy they go,
Young and rosy and red.

Oh, Jenny's as pretty as doves in a ditty ;
And Jenny, her eyes are black ;
And Joey's a fellow as merry and mellow
As ever shouldered a sack.
So quick, good people, and come to the show !
Merry and merry, merry they go,
Bumping on Dobbin's back.

They've prankt up old Dobbin with ribands and
bobbin,
And tethered his tail in a string :

The fat flitch of bacon is not to be taken
By many that wear the ring !
Good luck, good luck, to Jenny and Joe !
Jolly and jolly, jolly they go.
Hark ! how merry they sing.

“ O merry, merry, merry are we,
Happy as birds that sing in a tree !
All of the neighbours are merry to-day,
Merry are we and merry are they.
O merry are we ! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

“ O happy, happy, happy is life
For Joe (that’s me) and Jenny my wife !
All of the neighbours are happy, and say—
‘ Never were folk so happy as they ! ’

O happy are we! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.

“O jolly, jolly, jolly we go,
I and my Jenny, and she and her Joe.
All of the neighbours are jolly, and sing—
‘She is a queen, and he is a king !’
O jolly are we! for love, you see,
Fetters a heart and sets it free.”

MOLLY THE MELLOW.

THE melon is mellow and dainty and rare,
And mellow is Moll of the ashy-brown hair ;
The peaches are soft and the apricots gay,
But softer is Molly and sweeter than they.

Oh ! softer than nectarine, sweeter than pear,
Is Molly, my Moll with the ashy-brown hair.

There's a rose that is gentle and tender and sleek,
And gentle is Moll of the creamy-white cheek ;
The rose is as fair as the foam of the sea,
And sweet with the sweetness of blossoming tea.

Oh ! gentler than lily or jessamine meek
Is Molly, my Moll of the creamy-white cheek.

The mavis sings sadly, the wood-pigeon sighs,
For love of my Moll with the olive-green eyes :
The mavis and linnet, the siskin and dove,
Are lovely and loving, but Molly is Love.

Ah ! sweeter than sweetness—ah ! lovely alone—
Is Molly the mellow—my Molly, my own !

THE MOUNTAIN FIR.

THEY sat beneath the mountain fir,
Beneath the evening sun;
With all his soul he looked at her—
And so was love begun.

The tit-mice blue in fluttering flocks
Caressed the fir-tree spray;
And far below, thro' rifted rocks,
The river went its way.

As stars in heavenly waters swim
Her eyes of azure shone;

With all her soul she looked at him—

And so was love led on.

The squirrel sported on the bough

And chuckled in his play ;

Above the distant mountain's brow

A golden glory lay.

The fir-tree breathed its balsam balm,

With heather scents united,

The happy skies were hushed in calm—

And so the troth was plighted.

STAG'S-HORN MOSS.

THREE maidens played on the green, green ground,
And with Stag's-horn moss hey wreathed them round:
 Hands on high and hands across,
They twined a merry maze with the Stag's-horn moss.

And what, oh what, is the fate they twine
For her that is sweet as the eglantine—
 Jessamine cheeks and golden hair!
Oh, she shall live in love and have gold to spare.

And what, oh what, is the fate they tell
For her that is bright as the heather-bell—

Rose-bud cheeks and hazel hair?
Oh, she shall live in love and have children fair.

But what is the fate the long moss weaves
For her that has locks like the autumn leaves—
Lily cheeks and auburn hair?
Oh, she shall die in love when the woods are bare.

FOND HOPE.

THERE are blooms on the mountain and flowers on
the lea,

And love is in bloom in my bosom for thee :

But love it is fanciful, love it is free

As breeze of the forest, or billows of sea.

Oh, my little darling, be loving to me !

Never was a darling so lovely to see !

Oh, my little darling, my life is in thee !

There are ripples and sheen on the beautiful lake,

And scents of the heather and birch are awake :

But cold on the precipice water-waves break,

And jeer at the granite, and quiver and shake.

Oh, my little darling, be patient with me !
Never was a darling so lovely to see !
Oh, my little darling, my life is in thee !

Thine eyes they are azure, the hair of thy head
Is touched with the tints of a leaf that is dead :
But wild on the firmament vapours are spread,
And glory is vanished and happiness fled.

Oh, my little darling, be faithful to me !
Never was a darling so lovely to see !
Oh, my little darling, my life is in thee !

WAN HOPE.

THE fires of love are dead and cold,
The tale of blessedness is told,
The song of joy is o'er—is o'er ;
My darling lies beneath the mould,
On earth to wake no more—no more.

 Oh ! it was a merry dream,
 Gladsome as a summer gleam,—
 But oh ! it was a silly dream
 to leave one sorrowing sore !

I will not weep and make my moan :
A pleasant artifice is known

To hearts that bleed at core—at core;
They use the griefs that are not shown
To burst their life, and soar—and soar.

Come, oh! come thou hither, Death!
Welcome is thy wintry breath:
For oh! a goodly friend is Death,
to open such a door!

LILY LORN.

Oh, weeping and weeping she went through the wood
To the vale where the home of her father had stood :
The place was a wilderness, silent and lone,
The cottage a ruin, the garden o'ergrown.

All rank grew the nettle and rough in its mien,
As it marred the grey wall with its coarseness of
green ;
And high grew the foxglove, cold comfort to tell,
As it dangled each dainty and delicate bell.

She laid herself down in the depths of the grass,
And her soul from her body was longing to pass ;

So mourned she and wept she, so wild was her woe,
That her spirit seemed fain with her weeping to flow.

“O father! O mother!” in anguish she sighed,
“How sweet was the home where we loved to abide.
Gone, gone! ah, alas for your sorrow and need,
When ye sank, broken-hearted,—and mine was the
deed.

“Oh why did I wander so far from my own,
From the hearts that were proved, from the love that
was known!

Oh! alas for the love that was nought but a lie:
It is dead—it is dead—and deserted I die.”

Then a whisper came softly as flowerets might fall,
And as kind as the cooing of doves when they call:
“Lament not, my Lily; no more will I roam,
I will be to thee father, and mother, and home.”

LOST IN THE FOREST.

OLD Winter was buried, and Spring with a song
Had brought in sweet Summer, the merry and strong ;
And the wood-bees were humming where honey-bloom
 climbs,
And the fir mingled fragrance with flowers of the limes.

See, see, in the forest, where nature is fair,
A woman is wailing and rending her hair ;
In all the green hollows, o'er all the wide wastes,
She lingers distracted or desolate hastes.

“ My darling, my darling, my own little child,
Oh where hast thou wandered alone in the wild ?

All the night I have sought thee—alas, for the morn !
Thou art dead, O my darling, or dying forlorn."

Say why does she halt, with a pause and a start,
Like a doe when its body is pierced with a dart ?
At the foot of an oak, by the boughs overspread,
She sees her sweet baby—and thinks he is dead.

For quiet he lies on the carpet of moss,
With one arm stiff and straight,—but the other across,
And its tiny white fingers with delicate tips
Are asleep on the swell of the rose-blossom lips.

She gazed in a trance, till her spirit had grown
As the icicle-drop in a snow-covered stone :
But a wren flitted past by the face of the child—
Then he opened his eyes, saw his mother, and smiled.

As fleets through dark cloud-land a sunbeam of joy,
So flew she to pour out her soul on her boy :
And the gold-feathered angels were floating above,
And their crystalline spirits were lovely in love.

EARTH'S BEST.

"TWAS an evening warm and still :
Strolling o'er a woodland hill,
Birch and fir-tree yielding balm,—
Airs celestial round me moving
Breathed the bliss of heavenly loving,
And steeped my soul in sacred calm.

Perched on summit of a pine
Sang a Robin, purely fine ;
Mournful-mellow music came
Trilling from his tiny beak,
Flutes and viols seemed to speak
Within his throat of ruddy flame.

Proud he perched upon the tree,
Poised on yellowy fir-buds three
Lifted o'er their parent green;
Timed to every swelling note
Sank and rose his ruddy throat,—
And nought but sweet was heard or seen.

Ah, methought, if all my days
Wandered on in woodland ways,
Sights so fair to glad mine eye,
Sounds so sweet mine ear to greet,
Scents so rare with all to meet,—
No! never could I bear to die.

GILDED FRAGRANCE.

O yellow Whin¹ in the wood !

O yellow Broom in the pines !

Your goldenness is wondrous good,

And with your scent combines

To image delicate wines.

O eyes of the life of the world !

O breaths of the world's perfume !

Small sprites lie close within you curled,

And twinkle through the Broom,

And the Whin's light illume.

¹ Gorse or Furze.

A SUMMER FANCY.

THREE greens and a gold
My twain eyes hold,
And the heavens are silvered blue;
The fir is green,
And the fruitful gean,¹
And the dusky whin, arrayed as queen
With its blooms of golden hue.

Three golds and a green
By my soul are seen,
In a light of azured snow:

¹ The Wild Cherry.

For faith is gold,
And the hope made bold,
And the love on a heart like desert cold,
With the green it makes to grow.

ROBIN IN THE WOOD.

BIRD of red bosom and delicate beak,
Come with thy murmurous music, and speak
Songs to my spirit that yearneth to thee !
Gladden my heart with thy comely completeness,
Thou fair little image of niceness and neatness,
Thou essence of berry and blossom and tree.

Soon as I enter the sunny green wood
Swiftly thou meetest me, merrily rude ;
Surely thou lovest me, soft little thing ?

Feeling the tenderness forth from me welling,
That witches thee near with a friendly compelling,
E'en as a magnet the metal will bring.

Why, what a toy thou art, ruddy and round,
Hopping so high like a ball on the bound—
Jerky and perky, and utterly sweet!
Gazing about with such airs of astuteness,
While simpleness heavenly and worldly acuteness
Seem in thy starry-bright glances to meet.

Good is thy fellowship, brave little bird !
Deep in the wood, where no voices are heard
Breathing of man and his measureless woe.
Ah ! what a love in the cushat's complaining,
That floats on the breeze, with a fragrance remaining
Reft from the blooms that in solitude blow.

Ha ! Master Squirrel ! what com'st thou to see,
Chiding and chuckling at Robin and me ?
Why such a passion of anger and fright ?
Harm shall not come to thee, poor little fellow !
Safe is thy skin so enchantingly mellow,
Goldenly ruddy and creamily white.

Up the high spruce-tree ! abandon thy fears,
Lower those sensitive tufty brown ears,
And curl up thy brush with a confident air !
See, the bold Robin is fearlessly tripping
Full in the reach of my axe, that is chipping
Bark from the trees which I mean not to spare.

Robin, sweet Robin ! I doubt that, at best,
Selfishness dwells in thy beautiful breast,
Leads thee so close to my footsteps to move ;

Snatching the insects I start from their mazes,
When marking the timber with death-bearing blazes—
It is not on me that thou lookest in love.

Never mind, Robin boy! life is too brief
For testing the worth of a kindly belief :
Trustfully look at me, tenderly sing ;
So shall I count thee a friend and a lover,
And nothing but heav'nliness in thee discover—
Thou sweet little, dear little, round little thing !

LOST MUSIC.

In morning times of infant cheer,
When every thing is heavenly clear,
The heart is not for loving meet :
Its chords are all too weak a toy
To utter choruses of joy
For mid-day's unbeshadowed heat.
Ah yes ! too dainty weak a toy to utter choruses of joy.

In noontide days of manhood's might,
When every thing is sunny bright,
The heart is all for loving strong :

Its chords are far too fondly fain
To utter the melodious strain
Of mid-day's ecstasy of song.

Alas ! too fondly, fondly fain to utter the melodious
strain.

In evening days of olden drear,
When every thing is sad and sear,
The heart is not for loving trim :
Its chords are far too feebly bound
To utter the sonorous sound
Of mid-day's mellow-measured hymn.

Alas ! alas ! too feebly bound to utter the sonorous
sound.

NOVEMBER'S CADENCE.

THE bees about the Linden-tree,
When blithely summer blooms were springing,
Would hum a heartsome melody,
The simple baby-soul of singing :
And thus my spirit sang to me
When youth its wanton way was winging ;
“ Be glad, be sad—thou hast the choice—
But mingle music with thy voice.”

The linnets on the Linden-tree,
Among the leaves in autumn dying,
Are making gentle melody,

A mild, mysterious, mournful sighing :
And thus my spirit sings to me
While years are flying, flying, flying ;
“ Be sad, be sad, thou hast no choice,
But mourn with music in thy voice.”

FAREWELL.

Oh ! that I were young again !

Roaming through the forest glen,

Where the solemn fir-trees sigh,

Rivers running golden by.

My youth—my youth—will none restore !

No more—no never, never more.

Oh ! the dreams—the idle dreams !

Up the rocks and o'er the streams,

Where the birches balmy smell,

Heather-bloom, and foxglove-bell.

My youth—my youth—will none restore!
No more—no never, never more.

Oh! the moan—the empty moan!
Calling joys for ever flown.
'Mong the quiet garden flowers
Happy halt mine evening hours—
Till youth—my youth—the Heavens restore
Once more—for ever, ever more.



APPENDIX.

- A. MEMOIR OF THE MEDA MAIDEN.
- B. RELIGION OF THE INDIANS.
- C. MEDAWIN AND JEESUKAWIN.
- D. KEKEENOWIN.
- E. FASTS.
- F. MEDA LODGE.
- G. MEDA DRUM.
- H. SONGS AND INCANTATIONS.
- I. THE OJIBWAYS.

NOTE.

WHERE not otherwise specified, the quoted passages are taken from Mr. Schoolcraft's official work—*The Indian Tribes of the United States*, 1851-6,—to which the untitled page and volume reference-figures in all cases belong. See, further, the explanatory statements in the Introduction to this book.

For much curious information regarding native American modes of thought, see that remarkable volume—TANNER, *Narrative of Thirty Years among the [Ojibway] Indians*. London, 1830.

APPENDIX A.

MEMOIR OF THE MEDA MAIDEN.

"CHUSCO, a noted prophet of the Ottawas, practised the prophet's art, for a great number of years, at his native village of L'Arbre Croche, on Lake Michigan, and also at Michillimackinac, where he died at an advanced age, in 1838. There also came to reside in the vicinity of the latter place, a prophetess, from Chegoimegan, on the shores of Lake Superior. [Born about 1802], she was a descendant in a direct line from one of the principal Ojibway families, [of which was] the noted Waubojeeg, the ruling chief in that quarter.¹ . . . It was the same fact [conversion to Chris-

¹ Waubojeeg, a celebrated war-chief and ruler of his tribe, died about 1793. He was of the family of the Addik or Reindeer, a distinguished Ojibway clan, who bore that animal for their *totem*, or armorial cognisance. His own name signifies 'White Fisher'—the Fisher being an animal of the Mink or Marten species.

Waubojeeg was by blood partly a Sioux, related to Wabashaw, chief of a band of that nation. His father Mamongesedsa commanded the Ojibways, in alliance with the French, at the capture of Quebec in 1759: Waubojeeg, then a child, grew up to be a warm friend to the British.

The 'grave-board' of Waubojeeg records that he headed no less than seven war-parties, and received three serious wounds. On a comparison of dates, he might well have been grandfather to the seeress Ogeewyahn Oqut Oqua. In

tianity] which had brought Chusco within the pale of inquiry, that also revealed the gods [i.e. *manitoes*, or spirits] of OGEE-WYAHN OQUIT OQUA, or the prophetess of Chegoimegan.¹ She had felt and acknowledged the truth of the exhortations of one of the native preachers from the shores of Lake Ontario, in Canada, the noted John Sunday, and had united herself to a missionary [Methodist] church. At this period she was baptised, and subsequently married an Indian convert, called Wabose, or the Hare [more commonly, Rabbit], on which occasion she relinquished her former name, and assumed that of Wabose. . . .

"Catherine Wabose was still living at the last accounts [when she was 'in her forty-first year' (i. 395)—not earlier seemingly than 1843, so she may be yet alive]. She is a female of good natural intellect, great shrewdness of observation, and some powers of induction and forecast. . . . In order to understand the force and character of her delinea-

recent times there have been two other distinguished warriors of the same name and tribe:—Waubojeeg slain by the Sioux, shortly before 1800 ; and Waubojeeg, spoken of as "now [about 1850] a noted chief of the Mississippi bands, fully sustaining the name of his . . . two illustrious namesakes." (See i. 356, 390 ; ii. 143, 163 ; v. 524.)

¹ Otherwise given as *Ogeewyahnquoit Okwa*, or *Ogeewyahn ackwut oquay*. Mr. Schoolcraft constantly varies the spelling of Indian words. In some cases the pronunciation is given, in others left uncertain. The meaning of the prophetess's name is not stated. *Oquit* or *Ackwut* signifies a cloud, and *Oqua* seems to be merely the feminine termination (Ang. *Squaw*) a Woman ; thus the whole would signify—The woman of the . . . cloud. "Names are generally bestowed by the . . . matron, or aged grandmother of the family, who generally connects the event with some dream. If the child be a male, the name is generally taken from some object in the visible heavens . . . such as—*Returning Cloud, Bright Sky*. . . If it be a female, the imagery is generally drawn from the surface of the earth. . . *Woman of the passing stream, Woman of the green valley, Woman of the rock*, are not uncommon names." (ii. 65, 66.)

tions [symbolical drawings, termed *kekeenowin*],¹ it was deemed important to obtain the history of the operations of her mind under the influence of her primary periodical fast. *This she related in the Indian tongue to Mrs. Schoolcraft, who took it down from her lips* in the following words:—

“‘When I was a girl,’ she said, ‘of twelve or thirteen years of age, my mother told me to look out for something that would happen. . . . Accordingly, one morning early in winter, . . . I ran off as far from the lodge as I could, and remained there till my mother came and found me out. She . . . brought me nearer to the family lodge, and bade me help her in making a small lodge of branches of the spruce tree. She told me to remain there, and keep away from every one, and, as a diversion, to keep myself employed in chopping wood, and that she would bring me plenty of prepared bass-wood bark to twist into twine. She told me she would come to see me in two days, and that in the meantime I must not even taste snow.’” . . .²

At the end of two days the mother comes back, and exhorts the child to “blacken her face, and fast really,” “that the Master of Life,” says she, “may have pity on you and me, and on us all. . . . He will help you if you are determined to do what is right, and tell me whether you are favoured or not by the *true Great Spirit*; and if your visions are not good, reject them.”³ After this she departs, but returns on the evening of the fourth day, when she gives the maiden a little melted snow, and bids her strive to get—“a good vision; a

¹ See Appendix D.

² See Appendix E.

³ See Appendix B and E.

vision that might not only do us good, but also benefit mankind,"—with which words the mother again departs.

"On the night of the sixth day," says the Seeress, "I fancied a voice called to me, and said, 'Poor child! I pity your condition; come, you are invited this way.' I thought the voice proceeded from some distance from my lodge. I obeyed the summons, and going to the spot from which the voice came, found a thin shining path, like a silver cord, which I followed."

Following this path, which led upward to the sky, the maiden passes between the Sun, "near the point of its setting," and the new Moon, "with a flame rising from the top like a candle, which threw around a broad light," and successively meets and converses with "Kau-ge-gay Be-qua—the Everlasting standing Woman" (or simply, Everlasting Woman—i. 397), and with a horned man named "Mònido Wininees—the Little Man-Spirit, both of whom encourage her with kind words and *make gift to her of their own names*; "I give you my name," says Kaugegaybequa, "and you may give it to another. I also give you that which I have, life everlasting. I give you long life on the earth, and *skill in saving life in others*. Go, you are called on high." Finally the maiden encounters the greatest of all the spirits that appear to her, "O-shau-wau E-geezhik—the Bright Blue Sky,—whose head was surrounded with a brilliant halo, and his breast was covered with squares. He said, 'Look at me. I am the veil that covers the opening into the sky.'" This august being also receives her well, but directs her to submit to certain mystical piercings from "bright points" like needles, awls, and nails [spears and arrows in her drawing],

to "put her in array to withstand and endure :" these trials concluded, she is promised "length of days :" then says the spirit, " You have arrived at the limit you cannot pass. I give you my name ; you can give it to another. Now, return !" Immediately she sees a strange fish-like monster swimming in the ether, on whose back she is desired to mount, and is speedily conveyed back to earth—" my hair floating behind me in the air," to use her own graphic words.

In the morning, being the seventh day [*sixth*, in text, but this is elsewhere shown to be erroneous] of the fast, the mother brings to her child " a little bit of dried trout." " But such," says the latter, " was my sensitiveness to all sounds, and my increased power of scent, produced by fasting, that before she came in sight I heard her while a great way off ; and when she came in I could not bear the smell of the fish, or herself either." At her entreaty the mother forbears to press on her the distasteful dish, and leaves her, with renewed exhortations to perseverance.

On the eighth day the maiden again sees the same vision as before, and in addition is visited by a being who seems afterwards to have acted as her oracular spirit—" After the seventh day of my fast [apparently on the evening of the seventh day]," she continues, " I saw a dark round object descending from the sky, like a round stone, and enter my lodge. As it came near I saw that it had small feet and hands like a human body. It spoke to me, and said, ' I give you the gift of seeing into futurity, that you may use it for the benefit of yourself and the Indians—your relations and tribespeople.' It then departed, but as it went away it assumed

wings, and looked to me like the red-headed woodpecker in flight." On the morning of the eighth day, the mother brings her child "some pounded corn boiled in snow water," explaining that "water from lake or river" was not allowable. "After taking it," says the Seeress, "I related my vision to her. She said it was good, and spoke to me to continue my fast three days longer [ten days in all]. I did so: at the end of which she took me home, and made a feast in honour of my success, and invited a great many guests. I was told to eat sparingly, and to take nothing too hearty or substantial; but this was unnecessary, for my abstinence had made my senses so acute, that all animal food had a gross and disagreeable odour."

And now comes a very important statement:—"In consequence of being thus favoured, I assumed the arts of the Jeesukàwin, and a prophetess, *but never those of a Wàbeno*"—in other words, while she followed what is termed White Magic, she shunned the vile practices of the Black Art. As elsewhere shown, the statement is confused and defective, it ought rather to run—"I practised the Jeesukawin, or prophetic art, and the Medawin, or magical curative art, but never the Wabeno, or impure and malignant art of the necromancer."¹

The narrative next informs us of the first public exercise of the Seeress's skill—how, at the request of the chief, at a time when her tribe was threatened with starvation, she essays her magical power for the relief of the suffering, and well-nigh despairing, people.

"My mother spoke to me," says the Meda, "and after some conversation gave her consent—[the child was only about

¹ See Appendix C.

thirteen years of age]. I told them to build the *Jeesukaun*, or prophet's lodge,¹ *strong*, and gave particular directions for it. I directed that it should consist of ten posts or saplings, each of a different kind of wood, which I named. When it was finished, and tightly wound with skins, the entire population of the encampment assembled around it, and I went in, *taking only a small drum*;² I immediately knelt down, and holding my head near the ground in a position, as near as might be, prostrate, began *beating my drum, and reciting my songs or incantations*. The lodge commenced shaking violently, by supernatural means. I knew this by the compressed current of air above, and the noise of motion. This being regarded by me, and by all without, as a proof of the presence of the spirits I consulted, I ceased beating and singing, and lay still, waiting for questions [from the people without], in the position I had at first assumed.

"The first question put to me was in relation to the game, and where it was to be found. The response was given by the orbicular spirit [the red-headed woodpecker], who had appeared to me. He said, 'How short-sighted you are! If you will go in a *west* direction you will find game in abundance.' Next day the camp was broken up, and they all moved westward, the hunters, as usual, going far ahead."

The oracle proved true, game in abundance was discovered. "My reputation," continues the Seeress, "was established by this success, and I was afterwards noted in the tribe in the art of a Meda-woman, and sang the songs which I have given you [Mrs. Schoolcraft]."³

¹ See Appendix F.

² See Appendix G.

³ See Appendix H.

About four years after the incident just narrated, the maiden became a wife, being married to O-mush-kow-Egeezhik, or the Strong Sky, "a very active and successful hunter, who kept his lodge well supplied with food." With him she "lived happy," and became the mother of two children, a daughter and a son. In the spring of 1822, during a visit to the traders at "Pauwating (the Falls of St. Mary's)," Strong-Sky was entrapped into a quarrel and murdered by a half-breed named Gaultier, under the circumstances fully related in my poem. The Meda, horror-struck, took her infants and fled to the lodge of her aged mother, and together they returned to their "native country at Chegoimegan on Lake Superior."

In the third year after the assassination of her first husband, the Seeress married Minan-oqut, or the Fair Cloud, by whom she had two daughters. While they were yet young their father died. "It was in the winter season that this happened, and as they were inland at their sugar-camp, she, with the aid of her children, placed the corpse on a hand-sled, and drew it many miles through the woods to the river's banks, that he might be buried with his tribe."

"She was still called to bear other trials in the course of a few years, which would have broken down a mind of less native strength than hers. Her son, by Strong-Sky, sickened at an age when he began to be useful, and after lingering for a time, died. A day or two before his departure, he related to her such a dream of the Great Spirit, as He is known and worshipped by the Whites, and of his being clothed by Him with a white garment, that her mind was much affected by

it, and led to question, in some measure, the soundness of her religious views.¹

"Not long afterwards one of her little daughters was also removed by death, and according to her own apt interpretation of a part of her virginal vision, she seemed indeed to be pricked with metallic points. While these dispensations rested heavily on her mind, and she felt herself to be the subject of afflictions which appeared to have an ulterior object, the Ojibway evangelist, John Sunday, visited that part of the country, and explained to her the doctrines of a better revelation, which came indeed 'from above,' and under his teaching she renounced the calling of a prophetess, which she had so long practised, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was baptised by the name of Catherine. She says that the wine she partook of at the communion-table at that time, and at subsequent times, is the only form of spirits she has ever tasted."

"Her trials were not, however, at an end,"—in 1836, her eldest daughter and child, "Charlotte Jane," died of consumption, in her seventeenth year. "This young girl," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "was taken into my family, after the assassination of her father, in 1822, and educated and instructed under the personal care of Mrs. Schoolcraft, who cherished her as a tender plant from the wilderness. . . . She united with the Presbyterian Church at Michillimackinac, and is buried in its precincts, having exhibited to the end of her life very pleasing and

¹ Nothing further is said about the young man's vision, but in my poem I have fitted to it some of the details of a beautiful Iroquois story, to be found in the same volume, entitled "The Island of the Blessed, or the Hunter's Dream." (i. 321.)

increasing proofs of her reliance upon, and acceptance by, a crucified Redeemer.

"Prior to the death of her daughter, Catherine had married her third husband, in Nauwekwaishkum, *alias* James Wabose, an Ojibway, who was also, and continues to be, a member of the Methodist society. By this marriage she had two children, both males, the loss of one of whom has been added to the number of her trials. But the only effect of this bereavement was to strengthen her faith, and by daily renewals of her confidence in the Saviour to establish herself in piety.

"These particulars, it is conceived, will *afford a clear and satisfactory chain of evidence of the truth of her narrative*, and the reason why she has been willing to impart secrets of her past life which have heretofore been studiously concealed, as she remarks, even from her nearest friends." (Schoolcraft, i. 390-7.)

APPENDIX B.

BELIEGION OF THE INDIANS.

“THE American Indians worship with more truth and purity [than most nations holding similar beliefs] the being of a universal God, or *Mànito*, who is called in the North, the Great, Good, or Merciful Spirit— or *Gesha Manito*. This Great Spirit is believed to rule the earth and the sky, and to be the *Wa-zha-waud*, or maker of the world—the original animating Principle. To his power they oppose an antagonistical Great Evil-minded Spirit—*Matchi Manito* (symbolised often by the serpent)—who is constantly seeking to destroy and overturn all good and benevolent measures.

“There is no attempt . . . which can be gathered from their oral traditions, to impute to the Great Merciful Spirit the attribute of justice, or to make man accountable to Him, here or hereafter, for aberrations from virtue, goodwill, truth, or any form of moral right.” [Yet see the story called “The Island of the Blessed,”—whence I have adapted the dream of the Meda Woman’s dying son,—where the Master of Life permits two persons to pass safely into Paradise, because “the thoughts and acts of neither them had been bad.” (i. 322.) This tale is perhaps modified by European notions.] “With

benevolence and pity as prime attributes, the Great Transcendental Spirit of the Indian does not take upon himself a righteous administration of the world's affairs, but on the contrary leaves it be filled, and its affairs *in reality* governed, by demons. . . . There are malignant as well as benevolent Manitoes. The Great Spirit leaves these two antagonistical classes to war with each other, and to counteract each other's designs, to fill the world with turmoils, and in fact to govern the *moral* destinies of mankind." (i. 34, 35, 38.)

It seems uncertain whether the Gezha Manito and the Matchi Manito are to be deemed equals in power and greatness, or whether (as rather appears) the former holds a distinct place of all-supreme sovereignty, while the Great Bad Spirit is but a subordinate though potential being, who presides over the minor spirits of evil, for ever warring against the minor spirits of good. Unquestionably the Great Good Spirit is regarded with more respect than his opponent, and is alone styled *Wazhavaud*, or Creator; but it is to the Evil Power that offerings are chiefly given and acts of homage paid. The Iroquois "suppose, at the creation, the birth of *two antagonistical powers* of miraculous energy, but *subordinate to the Great Spirit*" (i. 32); it is not stated whether the Ojibways and other Algonquin tribes accept the same belief.

"In common with the best of the plain Indians," writes Colonel Dodge, "the Cheyennes [of the Dacota race, like their neighbours the Sioux] believe in two gods, equals in wisdom and power. One is the *good god* . . . from him come all the pleasurable things of life. . . . The other is the *bad god* . . . from him come all pain, suffering, and disaster." (DODGE, *The Hunting Grounds of the Great West*, 1877, p. 272.)

Subordinate to the two great Manitoes there is a vast assemblage of spirits peopling all nature ; these beings are likewise entitled *Manito* (or *Monedo*) by the Algonquin tribes, and all the American Indians have some equivalent designation. The term simply signifies "a spiritual or mysterious power," when not modified by a "prefix or accent."

To every individual (it would seem) is assigned a special Manito, or guardian spirit, and the "initial fast at the age of puberty, which every Indian undergoes, is for light to be individually advertised of, and become aware of, this personal Manito." (i. 34.) A "strong" Manito is a desideratum, for "the Manitoes are not of equal or harmonious power hence the Indian is never sure that his neighbour is not under the guardianship of a Manito stronger than his own. The doctrine that a man may possess such a power [mystic might, through communion with spirits] is well established in the belief of all the tribes. All their priests and prophets assert the possession of it. . . . A man may fast to obtain this mysterious power." (i. 34.)

The Indians are also "worshippers of the elements, of fire, and the sun ; and hymns and offerings are made to the latter." (i. 38.)

"The mythology of the Ojibways is one which creates a frequent necessity of speaking of spiritual and immaterial existences, which are supposed to inhabit the sky and the air, and which are invested by them with the powers of *ubiquity* and *immateriality*. Although these creations are thought to be often manifest to the eye, and are typified in clouds, rainbows, lightnings, thunder, and a thousand varying phenomena on the earth connected with the exhibition of light and shade,

they are also clothed with the power of *invisibility*. Their materiality as phenomena of the heavens is changed in a moment to spirituality.

"The Indian mythology could not exist without this theory. The Great Spirit is supposed to inhabit the heavens, and to walk 'on the wings of the wind.' Nobody can hear an Indian Meda, Prophet, or Jossakeed speak on the great phenomena around him, without perceiving this. And the impression of his notions of spiritual existence becomes absolute when we see him kneel down and lift up his voice in prayer. '*Nosa gehigong abeyun showainimegoyun*—My Father in heaven dwelling, take pity on us.' This is not addressed to the father of a lodge, but to the Father of Light." (ii. 435.)

"They believe in the general doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. . . . The soul of man is thought to be immortal, the vital spark passing from one object to another. This object of the new life in general is *not* man, but some species of the animated creation; or even, it may be, for a time, an inanimate object. The circumstances which determine this change do not appear." (i. 33.)

Yet some of the tribes would seem to hold a pleasanter creed. "The idea of immortality is strongly dwelt upon. It is not spoken of as a supposition or a mere belief, not fixed. It is regarded as an actuality. . . . The resignation, nay the alacrity, with which an Indian frequently lies down and surrenders life, is to be ascribed to this prevalent belief. He does not fear to go to a land which, all his life long, he has heard abounds in rewards without punishments." . . . "I was present with an interpreter," continues Mr. Schoolcraft, "in Upper Michigan, in 1822, when the interment of a warrior

and hunter [doubtless an Ojibway] took place, at which the corpse was carefully dressed, and after it was brought to the grave, and before the lid was nailed to the coffin, an address was made by an Indian to the corpse. The substance of it relating to this belief was this:—‘ You are about to go to that land where our forefathers have gone—you have finished your journey here, before us. We shall follow you, and rejoin the happy groups which you will meet.’ When the speaking and ceremonies were concluded, the coffin was lowered into the trench prepared to receive it. This mode of interment is common to the forest tribes of the north, and appears to have been practised from the earliest periods. They choose dry and elevated places for burial.” (ii. 68, 69.)

“ It has been found that they believe in the *duality of the soul*. This ancient doctrine is plainly announced as existing among the Algonquins . . . who believing in this duality, and that the soul sensorial abides for a time with the body in the grave, requiring food for its ghostly existence and journeys, deposit meats and other aliment, at and after the time of interment. This custom is universal, and was one of their earliest observed traits.” (i. 33, 38, 39.)

“ Another custom near akin to it prevails. They offer pieces of flesh and viands at meals and feasts, to their *O-git-te-zeem-e-wug*, or ancestors. This duty seems to be obligatory on every Indian in good standing with his tribe, who has been, so to say, piously instructed by the Medas or his parents ; and the consequence is, he fears to neglect it. . . . The first idea that a grave, or burial-ground, or *ad-je-dà-tig* (grave-post) suggests to him, is the duty he owes as an

honest man, expecting good luck in life, to his relatives, or *Ogitteezemewug*." (i. 39.)

According to the latest accounts, similar beliefs are prevalent among the tribes of the Dacota race.

The Cheyenne or Sioux holds that—"all persons of all sexes, ages, colours, or beliefs, who died unscalped or unstrangled, will meet in the Happy Hunting Grounds—that final home of bliss. He goes there just as he was here, with the same passions, feelings, wishes, and needs. His favourite pony is killed at his burying place, to enjoy an eternity of beautiful pasture, and to bear his master in war or in the chase. He will need arms to defend himself against enemies (man or beast): his rifle, pistol, bow, and quiver are buried with him. . . . All things which the Indian can make for himself in this life he can make in the next . . . but articles beyond his skill in manufacture—gun, powder, lead, caps, &c.—must all be carried into the next world by the dead man. . . . He understands perfectly well that the dead does not actually take with him into the next world the material articles buried with him in this . . . he believes, however, that if the articles are allowed to remain with or near the body until decomposition is completed, the dead man will have in the next world the use of the phantoms of those articles. . . . Any article supposed necessary in a future state which the dead man did not possess in life, is at once supplied by relatives and friends, often at considerable sacrifice." (DODGE, *Happy Hunting Grounds*, pp. 283-5.)

"The Indians believe in spirits, also that if they do not live up to the laws or customs of their forefathers, the spirits will punish them for their misconduct, particularly if they omit to

make feasts for the dead. They suppose these spirits have power to send the spirit of some animal to enter their bodies, and make them sick." (ii. 199.)

It is not clear to me whether (like modern spiritualists) the Indian Magician ever professes to converse with the spirits of the dead, or whether his mystic communion is solely with the elemental Manitoes already spoken of, who would seem to be beings of an entirely distinct nature. Save in exceptional cases, Indian beliefs are hard to ascertain. "The Indian is not a man prone to describe his god [Manito], personal or general, but he is ready to depict him by a symbol. He may conceal under the figure of a serpent, a turtle, or a wolf,—wisdom, strength, or malignity ; or convey under the picture of a sun the idea of a Supreme All-seeing Intelligence. But he is not prepared to discourse on these things. What he believes on this head he will not declare to a White Man or a stranger. His happiness and success in life are thought to depend upon the secrecy of that knowledge of the Creator and his system, in the Indian view of benign and malignant agents. To reveal this to others, even to his own people, is, he believes, to expose himself to the counteracting influence of other agents known to his subtle scheme of necromancy and superstition, and to hazard success and life itself." (i. 340.)

The Meda Woman could have offered no stronger proof of sincere conversion to Christianity than in revealing the mysteries of her native magic, which she had learnt to deem so valuable while hidden, so terrible and dangerous if sacrilegiously betrayed.

APPENDIX C.

MEDAWIN AND JEESUKAWIN.

"THERE are two institutions among the North American Indians, which will be found to pervade the whole body of the tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. . . . They are called [in Ojibway] the Medàwin and the Jeesukàwin—the *Art of Medical Magic*, and the *Art of Prophecy*. Both are very ancient in their origin."

MEDÀWIN.—“The Meda, or Meda-wininee, is in all respects a [priestly] magician.¹ He is distinct from the Muskeke-wininee, or medical practitioner, who administers medicines, bleeds, &c. The latter takes his denomination from *mus-kè-kè*, a liquid dose: the former from *meda*, a mysterious principle. The one is a physician, the other a priest. . . . Attempts of the Medas to heal the sick are only made when the patients have been given over by the Muskeke-wininee. To *meda* is to perform magic, to trick by magic. *Medàwin* is the art

¹ *Meda* is a verb, according to Mr. Schoolcraft, nevertheless he and other writers in the same collection generally use it also as a noun. *Meda-wininee* is the word that literally signifies Meda-man.

of magic. Men who profess this art are formed into societies. They are admitted by a public ceremony, after having been instructed in private, and given evidence of their skill and fitness. There is no order of descent. The thing is perfectly voluntary. Anyone may become a follower and practiser of the *meda*. All that is necessary is to produce proofs of his skill." . . . "His chief reliance for success is upon his early dreams and fasts."¹ (i. 358-360.)

"There is a modification of the Medawin . . . it is the Wabeno . . . of modern origin . . . a degraded form of the mysteries of the Meda. . . . The term is a derivative from *Wabun*, the morning light. Its orgies are protracted till morning dawn . . . if the sound of the Indian drum be heard after midnight, it may generally be inferred with certainty to proceed from the circle of the Wabenos. . . . It permits the introduction of a class of subjects which are studiously excluded from the Meda. . . . Songs of love mingle in its mysteries . . . and deceptions . . . which derive their effect from the presence of darkness." (i. 366.)

JEESUKAWIN.—"The art of prophecy, or the Jeesukawin, differs from the Medawin, in its being practised alone by distinct and solitary individuals, who have no associates. . . . Prophets start up at long intervals, and far apart, among the Indian tribes. They profess to be under supernatural power, and to be filled with a divine afflatus. It is, however, an art resembling that of the Medawin . . . differing chiefly in the object sought. The Meda seeks to propitiate events, the Jossaked [prophet] aims to predict them. Both appeal to spirits for their power. Both exhibit material substances, as stuffed

¹ See Appendix E.

birds, bones, &c., as objects by or through which the secret energy is to be exercised. The general modes of operation are similar, but vary. The drum is used in both, but the songs and incantations differ. The rattle is confined to the ceremonies of the Meda and the Wabeno.

"The Jossakeed addresses himself exclusively to the Great Spirit . . . (which may equally mean the Great Good, or the Great Bad Spirit. The latter must as a general rule be inferred, where the term *Gezha* is not prefixed).¹ The Jossakeed's office and his mode of address are regarded with greater solemnity and awe. His choruses are peculiar, and are deemed by the people to carry an air of higher reverence and devotion." (i. 359.) "There is no art of higher pretensions to supernatural or divine power, among the professors of the Indian mysteries, than those which are made in the exhibitions of the sacred Jeesukawin. . . . To *jeesukà* (in the language of the Ojibways) is to mutter . . . the word is taken from the utterance of sounds of the human voice, low on the ground—the position in which the response is made by the seer or prophet, who is called *jossakeed*. [Jeesukà, to prophesy—*Jeesukà-win*, prophecy—*Jeesuka-un* (*a-un* pro. *aun*), a prophet's lodge—Jossakeed (by permutation from *Jeesuka-d*), a prophet or seer; sometimes *Jeesuka-wininee*, prophecy-man." (i. 388, 389.)]

"The whole tendency of the Indian secret institutions is to acquire power, through belief in a multiplicity of spirits; to pry into futurity by this means, that he may provide against untoward events [Jeesukawin]; to propitiate the class of benign spirits, that he may have success in war, in hunting,

¹ Over-stated; e.g. see *ante* p. 304; or Tanner's *Nar.* p. 46.

and in the medical art [Medawin]; or by acceptable sacrifices, incantations, and songs to the class of malignant spirits, that his social intercourse and passions may have free scope [Wabeno]." (i. 368.)

Reporting on the Winnebagoes, a Dacota tribe who were settled near the Wisconsin river, Mr. Fletcher, the United States agent, thus expresses himself (in Mr. Schoolcraft's book) in reference to their magical observances:—"Whether these medicine-men [Medas] possess the secret of mesmerism or magnetic influence, or whether the whole system is a humbug and imposition, is difficult to determine. A careful examination of the ceremonies of this order for six years has been unable to detect the imposition, if there be one; and it is unreasonable to suppose that an imposition of this character could be practised for centuries without detection." (iii. 288.)

APPENDIX D.

KEKEENOWIN.

"KEKEENOWIN [Pictorial Records] or *Hieratic signs* of the Medawin and Jeesukawin. This class of signs is devoted to the forest priesthood." . . . "For their pictographic devices the Ojibway Indians have two terms, namely, *Ke-keè-win*, or such things as are generally understood by the tribe; and *Ke-kee-no-win*, or teachings of the Medas or priests, and Jossakeeds or prophets. The knowledge of the latter is chiefly confined to persons who are versed in their system of magic medicine, or their religion, and may be deemed hieratic. The former consists of the common figurative signs, such as are employed at places of sepulture, or by hunting and travelling parties.¹ It is also employed in the *Muzzinabiks*, or rock-writings. Many of the figures are common to both,

¹ When travelling in the Rocky Mountains in 1859, I found these hieroglyphics already superseded, for common purposes, by certain syllabic signs invented for the Cree Indians by an English missionary. They were then in use among the Mountain Assiniboines, and are now no doubt employed by the Ojibways, whose language is akin to that of the Crees. The half-civilised Cherokees have long had signs of a similar nature. (See SASKATCHEWAN, p. 149, and plates, p. 424.)

and are seen in the drawings generally ; but this results from the figure-alphabet being precisely the same in both, while the devices of the *Nugamoons*, or medicine, Wabeno, hunting, and war songs, are known only to the initiates who have learned them.

"The subjects to which the North American Indian applies his pictographic skill may be regarded as follows, namely :—

1. KEKEEWIN.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| A. ————— | Travelling, &c. |
| B. Adjidàtgwun | Sepulture. |

2. KEKEENOWIN.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| C. Medáwin | Medicine. |
| D. Minor Jeesukàwin | Necromancy. |
| E. Wåbeno | Revelry. |
| F. Keossàwin | Hunting. |
| G. Higher Jeesukàwin | Prophecy. |
| H. Nundobewunewun | War. |
| I. Sageàwin | Love. |
| K. Muzzinàbikon | History." |

(i. 351, 352.)

"Pictorial devices which refer to the Jeesukawin have been less easily accessible than any other branch. There is a feeling of sacredness and secrecy connected with them, which prevents their being revealed even to the uninitiated Indians. It is the only branch of their art of picture-writing which is withheld from common [that is, comparatively common] use.

Signs of the Medawin and the Wabeno,—of hunting, sepulture, war, and other objects, are more or less known to all, and are accessible to all, who are admitted to the secret societies. But the prophetic art exists by itself. It is exclusive, peculiar, personally experimental." (i. 390.) "The prophet begins to try his power in secret. . . . As he goes on, he puts down the figures of his dreams or revelations, by symbols, on bark or other material . . . and he thus has a record of his principal revelations. If what he predicts is verified . . . the record is appealed to as proof of his prophetic power and skill. Time increases his fame. His *kekeewins*, or records, are finally shown to the old people, who meet together and consult upon them, for the whole nation believe in these revelations. They in the end give their approval, and declare that he is gifted as a prophet—is inspired with wisdom, and is fit to lead the opinions of the nation." (Statement by Chingwauk, a principal chief, and well-known Indian priest or Meda, at Michillimackinac, in 1839. (i. 112, 114.

APPENDIX E.

FASTS.

"THE initial Fast at the age of puberty which every Indian undergoes, is for light to . . . become aware of his personal Manito. When revealed in dreams, his purpose is accomplished, and he adopts that revelation, which is generally some bird or animal, as his personal or guardian Manito. He trusts in it in war and peace ; and there is no exigency in life in which he believes it cannot help him." (i. 34.)

"To prepare a candidate for admission to the Society of the Meda, his chief reliance for success is upon his early dreams and fasts. If these bode good, he is inclined to persevere in his preparations, and to make known to the leading men of the institution, from time to time, the results." (i. 360.)

"Chingwauk [the Ojibway chief lately spoken of—a Christian, ‘previously one of the most noted professors of the Medawin’] began by saying that the ancient Indians made a great merit of fasting. They fasted sometimes six or seven days, till both their bodies and minds became free and light, which prepared them to dream. The object of the

ancient seers was to dream of the sun, as it was believed that such a dream would enable them to see everything on the earth. And by fasting long, and thinking much on the subject, they generally succeeded. Fasts and dreams were first attempted at an early age. What a young man sees and experiences during these dreams and fasts, is adopted by him as truth, and it becomes a principle to regulate his future life. . . . If he has been much favoured in his fasts, and the people believe that he has the art of looking into futurity, the path is open to the highest honours." (i. 113, 114.)

APPENDIX F.

MEDA LODGE.

"To prepare the operator in the Meda mysteries for answering questions, a lodge is erected by driving stout poles, or saplings, in a circle, and swathing them round tightly from the ground to the top with skins, drawing the poles closer at each turn or wind, so that the structure represents a rather acute pyramid. The number of poles is prescribed by the Jossakeed [or Meda], and the kind of wood. There are sometimes, perhaps generally, ten poles, each of a different kind of wood. When this structure has been finished, the operator crawls in, by forcing his way under the skin at the ground, taking with him his drum, and scarcely anything beside. He begins his supplications by kneeling, and bending his body very low, so as almost to touch the ground. When his incantations and songs have been continued the requisite time, and he professes to have called around him the spirits (or Manitoes) upon whom he relies, he announces to the assembled multitude without, his readiness to give responses." (i. 389.)

"To exhibit the power of the operator, or officiating priest, in the Curative Art, an elongated lodge is expressly erected

from poles and foliage newly cut, and particularly prepared for this purpose. This work is done by assistants of the Society, who obey specific directions, but are careful to exclude such species of wood or shrubbery as may be deemed detrimental to the patient." (i. 360.)

APPENDIX G.

MEDA DRUM.

In all their magical ceremonies the Indians make use of the Drum (*Ta-wa-e-gun*, in the Ojibway language), and in those of the Wabeno they also employ the rattle. The object is the same—to call the attention of the invoked Manitoes or spirits, who, like ordinary corporeal beings, are supposed to require an audible summons. See, for example, the eighteenth hieroglyph of a Wabeno song, as described by Mr. Schoolcraft (i. 368-373):—“A young man, under the control of love, with feathers on his head, and a drum and drumstick in his hands. He affects power to influence the object of his desires—‘Hear my drum—hear my drum, though you be on the other side of the earth, hear my drum.’”

Many other barbarous or half-barbarous races made, or still make, similar use of the magic drum. The Laplanders moreover developed it into an instrument of divination, by painting numbers of figures on its parchment head, over which a small bone or metal object danced at the vibration of each stroke from the officiating sorcerer, indicating the response by the course it traversed among the

symbols. These represented, in an extraordinary jumble, the most sacred objects of Christian and heathen worship, mingled with birds, beasts, and fishes, the sun and all the heavenly bodies, lakes and mountains, trees and rivers, men and women, and the houses, cities, and countries they inhabit (i. 426 ; see also SCHEFFER, *The History of Lapland*, 1704).

Ere leaving this subject, I may be permitted to remark that the form of the much misunderstood verses entitled "Necromancy," in my last book (*Greenwood's Farewell, and Other Poems*) should be looked on as allusive to the beating of the magic drum. A foul sorceress seeks to endue the bodies of the dead with vampire life, by means of hideous incantations. The grotesqueness of treatment was thought appropriate to such a subject, and the monotonous repetitions of words may be supposed to signify slowly recurrent drum-taps.

APPENDIX H.

SONGS AND INCANTATIONS.

THE magical song in my poem is taken nearly verbatim from Mr. Schoolcraft's text. It seems to have been the incantation actually used by the Meda Maiden on her first appearance as a *Jossakeed*, or prophetess. Far from being meaningless rhapsodies uttered under sudden impulse, these magical songs are carefully prepared compositions, often traditional and of remote antiquity, recorded by means of symbolic notation, and (where not original) learnt with much trouble, and frequently at heavy cost, by those admitted to the mystic societies.

Mr. Schoolcraft claims to have been first to inform the general public of the fact, well known to "persons familiar with the state of the Western tribes," that "the songs of the Indian priesthood and Wabenoes were sung from a kind of pictorial notation [*kekeenowin*], made on bark." "The words of these songs are fixed, and not variable, as well as the notes to which they are sung. But these words, to be repeated, must have been previously learned by, and known to, the singer" (i. 361),—the symbols (birds, beasts, men, &c.) do not

generally represent words or sounds according to an accepted system, but serve to recall by association the details of each particular song. For example, the key-symbol representing "a magic bone decorated with feathers—a symbol indicative of the power of passing through the air," guides a person acquainted with that special chant to the corresponding verse—"The sky! the sky I sail upon!" (i. 374.)

Of the hieroglyphical records referred to, a great number are transcribed by Mr. Schoolcraft from the original Ojibway, with English translations (evidently not always literal, though substantially accurate), and in several cases pictorial facsimiles are given, illustrative of the various forms of magic. (i. 358-411.)

The following chants, belonging to the mysteries of the "higher Jeesukawin"—the sacred prophetic art—are compositions by the Meda Maiden herself. "The subjoined specimens of her hieratic songs and hymns," says Mr. Schoolcraft, "are taken down verbatim. It is a peculiarity observed in this and other instances of the same kind, that the words of these chants are never repeated by the natives without the tune or air,—which was full of intonation, and uttered in so hollow and suspended, or inhaled, a voice, that it would require a practised composer to note it down. The chorus is not less peculiarly fixed, and some of its guttural tones are startling." (i. 397.)

HYMNS BY OGEEWYAHN OQUT OQUA.

1. "CHANT TO THE DEITY (*embodying the response of the Deity invoked.*)

"I am the living body of the Great Spirit above,
 (The Great Spirit, the Ever-living Spirit above,)
 The living body of the Great Spirit,
 (Whom all must heed).

'Heh ! heh ! heh ! heh !'

(*Sharp and peculiar chorus, untranslatable.*)

"I am the Great Spirit of the sky,
 The overshadowing power.
 I illumine earth,
 I illumine heaven.

'Way, ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !'

(*Slow, hollow, peculiar chorus.*)

"Ah say ! what Spirit, or Body, is this Body ?
 (That fills the world around,
 Speak, man !) ah say !
 What Spirit, or Body, is this Body ?

'Way, ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !'

(*Chorus as in the preceding, with voice and drum.*)"

2. "HYMN TO THE SUN.

"The sky or day I tread upon, that makes a noise.
 (I Ge-Zis—Maker of light.) (*Repeat four times.*)
 'A ! a ! a ! ha ! aha !'

"The place where it sinks down—the maker of day.
 When I was first ordained to be—(I Ge Zis.)
 'A! a! a! ha! aha!'"

3. "TO THE GREAT SPIRIT."

"Look thou at the Spirit.
 It is he that is spoken of who stays our lives—
 Who abides in the sky. (*Repeat four times.*)
 'A! a! a! ha! aha!'” (i. 399-401.)

It is difficult to give satisfactory specimens of the Meda and Wabeno (higher and lower Magic) chants without the pictorial symbols which belong to each verse,—as an extract from a “Synopsis of a Wabeno song” may serve to show. The relation of this synopsis to the fuller description preceding it, will be gathered from the following detailed explanation of “Key-symbol No. 1”:—“Figure 1 depicts a preliminary chant. The figure represents a lodge prepared for a nocturnal dance [the *nocturnal* celebration specially characterises this baser form of magic], marked with seven crosses, to denote dead bodies, and crowned with a magic bone and feathers. It is fancied that this lodge has the power of locomotion, or crawling about. The owner and inviter of the guests [the magician or ‘medicine-man’] sings solus:—

"Wa-be-no (*Wabeno-spirit*)
 Pe mo da (*he creep,—Ind. mood*)
 Ne we-ge-wain (*my lodge—‘wigwam.’*)

Hi au ha
 Nhuy e way
 Nhuy e way.

Ha! ha! huh! huh! huh!

‘My lodge crawls by the Wabeno’s power.’” (i. 373.)

• “SYNOPSIS OF WABENO SONG.

Chant or Incantation.

Key-Symbol, or Ideographic Term of Notation.¹

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. My lodge crawls by the Wabeno power. | 1. A lodge for nocturnal dances. |
| 2. Under the ground I have taken him. | 2. A man holding a live snake. |
| 3. I too am a Wabeno. | 3. The figure of a man sitting, crowned with feathers [the Magician himself]. |
| 4. I make the Wabeno dance. | 4. A man or spirit dancing on the half of the sky. |
| 5. The sky! the sky I sail upon! | 5. A magic bone, decorated with feathers. |
| 6. I am a Wabeno spirit—this is my work. | 6. A horned serpent [Gitchi Keenäbic, the symbol of life]. |
| 7. I work with two bodies. | 7. A hunter with a bow and arrow [seeking power to see animals at a distance]. |
| 8. The owl! the owl! the great black owl! | 8. An owl. |

¹ In some cases I have taken the reading of the fuller description.

9. Let me hunt for it.
10. Burning flames—burning flames.
11. My little child, I show you pity.
12. I turn round in standing.
14. Wabeno-power(occult).
9. A wolf standing on the sky [the gift of vigilance is sought].
10. Flames.
11. An unborn infant, with one wing.
12. A tree—supposed to be animated by a demon.
13. A female figure. ('She is depicted as one who has rejected the addresses of many. A rejected lover [*i.e.* one who may consult the Magician, to gain this spell] procures mystic medicine. . . . This causes her to sleep, during which he makes a captive of her and carries her off.')
- (i. 380, 381 ; also see pp. 373-380.)

The foregoing—from a song of thirty-eight verses—will sufficiently illustrate the character and objects of the lower Indian magic. It must not be forgotten that my heroine, the noble Meda and Jossakeed Ogeewyahn-Oquut-Oqua, never debased herself by practising the Wabeno's nefarious necromantic arts. (See i. 394.)

Though unconnected with magic, the following specimen

of an Ojibway war-song will hardly be out of place. It was sung, "with its appropriate tune," to Mr. Schoolcraft, in 1824, by Bwoinais, a gallant warrior of Lake Superior, who had used it during the then existing war with the Sioux or Dacotas.

" From the south—they come, the warlike birds—
Hark to their passing screams !
I wish for the body of the fiercest bird,
As swift—as cruel—as strong .

" I cast away my body to the chance of battle.
Full happy am I to lie on the field—
On the field over the enemy's line."

" The sentiments of the following song," writes Mr. Schoolcraft, " were uttered by the celebrated WAUBOJEEG, as the leader of the Ojibways, after a victory over the combined Sioux and Sauks and Foxes, at the falls of St. Croix, during the latter part of the eighteenth century :—¹

WAR-SONG OF WAUBOJEEG.

" Hear my voice ye heroes !
On that day when our warriors sprang
With shouts on the dastardly foe,
Just vengeance my heart burned to take
On the cruel and treacherous breed,
The Bwoin²—the Fox—the Sauk.

¹ Seventeenth in text, through an evident misprint—see Vol. i. 149. This is the Waubojeeg who was related to the Seeress, Ogeewyahn Oqut Oqau (l. 390).

² The Sioux.

“ And here, on my breast, have I bled !
See—see—my battle-scars !
Ye mountains tremble at my yell !
I strike for life.

“ But who are my foes ? They shall die,
They shall fly o'er the plains like a fox ;
They shall shake like a leaf in the storm.
Perfidious dogs ! they roast our sons with fire !

“ Five winters in hunting we'll pass,
While mourning our warriors slain,
Till our youth grown to men
For the battle-path trained,
Our days like our fathers we'll end.

“ Ye are dead, noble men ! ye are gone—
My brother—my fellow—my friend !
On the death-path where brave men must go :
But we live to revenge you ! We haste
To die as our forefathers died.” (ii. 60-62.)

APPENDIX I.

THE OJIBWAYS.

THE Indian tribes inhabiting those countries between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains, which extend along the boundary between British America and the United States, are members of one or other of three great races, dissimilar in language, however alike in various respects,—viz., the Iroquois, the Dacotas, and the Algonquins.

The Iroquois, now much diminished in number and mostly half-civilised, occupied or occupy Western New York and the shores of Lakes Erie, Huron, and Ontario. To them belonged the confederated Six Nations so celebrated in history—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas, and Tuscaroras, as well as other less conspicuous tribes.

The Dacotas comprise the Sioux, and their off-shoot the Assiniboines, also the Pawnees, Mandans, and many other tribes,—nearly all dwellers on the prairie, and for the most part within the confines of the United States.

To the Algonquin race belonged the old Lenni Lenapi or Delaware nation. Its most prominent present members are the Ojibways, of the eastern forests; the Crees, of the

northerly central plains ; likewise the partly distinct Blackfeet or Satsikas, living in the country that borders with the mountains of the far West ; of these the Crees alone entirely inhabit British territory.

The Ojibways (Odjibwas, or Ojibbeways), a very valiant and once powerful tribe, are settled on both sides of the international boundary. When first discovered by the French, more than two centuries ago, they were dwelling on the southern shore of Lake Superior,—an island named Moning-wunakaun, now Lapointe, forming then their chief settlement. “They have passed westward,” says their historian, “till they occupy all the country about the headwaters of the Mississippi, and stand one foot on the edge of the vast western prairies, and the other on the dense forests of Eastern America” (ii. 137)—a description still sufficiently correct.

A considerable number inhabit the northern part of Minnesota, in the States. In British territory they occupy the country between Lake Superior and Red River, and extend westward up the Assiniboine and Qu’Appelle rivers till they come in contact with the plain-dwelling Crees, akin in blood and language, though now entirely distinct. Under many heroic chiefs the Ojibways have for generations waged war with their implacable enemies the Sioux—the leading nation of the Dacotas—overcoming them in many a desperate fight, and steadily driving them westward ; then occupying their country, till European interference debarred further progress.

The Ojibways are often written of as *Chippeways*, but this name is inaccurate, besides inconveniently resembling that of the Chippewayans, a very dissimilar race, who inhabit the

remoter northern regions lying eastward from the Rocky Mountains.

As a rule, the Ojibways—pedestrians of the forest—are less picturesque in aspect than the Crees and other wild horsemen of the plains, their dress being chiefly composed of cloth and blanketing, instead of the far handsomer leathern materials still in use among the tribes less immediately in contact with Europeans ; but they yield to no native race in valour and the other distinguishing virtues of the American Indian, and in their general character appear to excel most of their uncivilised brethren.

THE END.

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